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THE "TITANIC" AND THE "LUSITANIA"

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ON Monday, April 15, 1912, the *Titanic* foundered on her maiden voyage, with a loss of 1,490 lives. It was a beautiful night, cloudless, with the stars shining brightly, when the iceberg that caused the catastrophe drifted across the great ship's course. Within twenty-four hours the whole of the civilized world was mourning an unprecedented disaster. It was not merely the record of death and struggling, or the destruction of property of huge value, that impressed itself upon men's minds and appealed so powerfully to their emotions. It was the sense of gigantic contrasts, of all the elements of supreme tragedy. The vast floating hotel, with its millionaires in their suites de luxe and its polyglot steerage population, with its helpless women and children, its trained officers and crew, its complete organization, its promise of security and ease under all conditions—suddenly one peril of the sea, foreseen, avoidable, but not avoided, had swept all this into the discard. In the game that nature continually plays with man, and man with nature, the *Titanic* had become simply an incident, instead of a triumph.

On Friday, May 7, 1915, the *Lusitania* was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland, and sank within a few minutes, with a loss, approximately, of 1,150 lives. The attack was made in broad daylight. The ship had passed over so many hundreds of miles of the high seas, only to meet her doom in sight of land and almost within reach of the security of the port to which she was bound. And once more, the whole of the civilized world is mourning a disaster that has been excelled in the number of fatalities, but has never been approached in the conditions of its

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occurrence. For the loss of the *Titanic* may be said, in the language of the sea, to have been due to the act of God. The destruction of the *Lusitania,* with the murder of the men, women and children who went down with her, was due to the act of man. It was deliberate, premeditated; unbelievable, yet true; unforgettable, unforgivable. It removes the Government which perpetrated it, and now condones and justifies it, from the community of civilization. It brands the nation which accepts it, and even, to some extent, rejoices in it, as a nation tainted with a strange madness and led utterly astray from its true traditions and any present hope of the fulfilment of its natural ideals. After making every allowance for the spirit engendered by the damnable conditions of a state of "civilized" war, after considering the sacrifices that have been demanded from the German people, and their implicit belief, as a nation, in the justice of their cause and the necessity of their methods, it is not possible, and it would not be right, to attempt to mitigate the heinousness of this crime.

The pity of it, and the shame of it! Without the warning demanded by all the rules of warfare and all the dictates of humanity, women and children, and men who had done nothing to forfeit their lives, were sent cold-bloodedly to death, no effort whatever being made to give them assistance, or a chance to escape. It was deliberate murder, and no juggling with words or with the interpretation of legal rules can change the verdict or remove the guilt.

The German navy had a right to destroy the ship, which belonged to an enemy and was flying the enemy's flag. It had no shadow of right to attack without making every reasonable provision for the safety of all the defenceless passengers on board. Though new precedents have been set in this most horrible of all wars, such a precedent as this cannot, and shall not, be tolerated. That the outrage was carefully planned, and carried into effect, throws a sinister light on the principles actuating the German Government. While Belgium was being martyred, America waited, unwilling to believe the worst, familiar with the exaggerations of war-times, keenly desirous to help all and to hurt none. But here is no case of rumor, of unverified or

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doubtful statements of atrocities. It is a clear, unmistakable challenge to humanity from a Government which has become dehumanized through militarism. That is the most charitable assumption that can be put forward. To listen patiently, to suspend judgment, to keep the mind free from bias under conditions so distressing and perplexing,—all this may fairly be asked from those who believe in true neutrality, and in the ultimate value to the world of the services that a neutral can render. But there can be neither patience, nor suspension of judgment, when the crime is obvious, the conditions admitted, the guilt gloried in. It remains for the President, in whose hands the country will with supreme confidence leave its destinies, to determine the course of action that must be pursued, in conjunction with the other neutral nations which share the loss and the sorrow that has stirred this country so profoundly: not merely because it is our loss, and our sorrow; not that we have been unconscious of the agony of Europe: but because now, without equivocation or qualification, an issue has been placed before us upon which we are not only entitled, but compelled, to take action.

But, while condemning Germany, utterly and unreservedly, it is necessary also to censure most severely the British Admiralty. Full warning had been given by the German Embassy in Washington that the destruction of the *Lusitania* was being planned. That warning does not in any degree release the German Government from its responsibility for deliberate murder, any more than the announced intention of the insane New York "Ripper" to disembowel another victim makes his act permissible, on the ground that notice had been given. But however strongly the British Admiralty may have felt that the advertised announcement was not to be taken seriously, that no Government could descend to such depths of infamy, it was its duty to take the fullest precautions. Americans booked their passage on the *Lusitania,* trusting completely in the power of the British Admiralty to protect them from an avowed project of assassination. They were not protected. The possibilities were not considered, the obvious precautions were not taken. Mr. Winston Churchill must accept the responsibility, and the punishment. He may have left the matter, as a detail, to the Sea Lords or their sub-

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ordinates. He had no right to do so without giving explicit instructions that all contingencies should be provided for and guarded against. Not for the first time, he has made possible the charge of ineptitude and folly. Perhaps his services as a whole may outweigh his mistakes: but it would be well to make a careful investigation. And why, also, was the vessel proceeding at moderate speed on a well-known course?

Before this brief article appears, events may have marched rapidly. Yet it is not the habit of President Wilson to act in haste and repent at leisure. Whatever may be the attitude, from time to time, of individual periodicals and associations, influenced by partisan considerations, he knows that there is no man whom the country would trust as it trusts him, in a grave crisis. He has borne without flinching the criticism of the ignorant, here and in Europe. He has fulfilled all the hopes that he inspired amongst those who looked to him for real leadership. Now, confronted with one of the most difficult of the problems that his Administration has faced, he can rely upon the united support of the nation, in whatever course he may feel compelled to take. There should be means, without resorting to the accursed savagery of war, to exact atonement for the crime that has been committed, and to prevent its repetition. But even war, for which we have not prepared, which we do not want, which, as a nation, we loathe, may be necessary to enforce respect for the elemental principles of civilization and humanity.

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"TARES"

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

I

IN Malines they went about their duties just as if nothing were happening while all the time the German guns were thundering at the gates of Liège.

"The French Army will be with us," they said, "long before the Prussian dogs have finished their barking at Liège."

They had the ideas we all had at the beginning of the war, they thought that fortresses were impregnable. They never thought of the hordes, like a swarm of locusts, that were ready to pour over their little country, when their fields and their trees would be black with the crawling insects and their cities and their fortresses would be blotted out. It was a land of peace those armed marauders hurled themselves upon. Its people were asleep in their beds when, before the day broke, the bloody knife was plunged into their breasts, and had they time to cry for help, that help was long in coming.

Madame Colin attended to her *patisseries* and sat behind the counter in her shop as though nothing were happening on the frontier. Monsieur Colin with his white apron and white paper cap said things about the Germans in that little bakehouse of his at the back of the shop—things that were all in keeping with his choleric temper and the heat of the room from that admirable oven of his.

Only the day before they had shut up their shutters and gone out together into the country for a twenty-four hours' holiday.

"It is so fine outside," Monsieur Colin said—"and mon Dieu, it was like hell in that bakehouse!"

So Madame Colin had put on her best bonnet and they had gone out into the country and walked in the fields where he had courted her five years ago. There they stayed the whole day long and anyone in Malines who wanted *patisseries* at Madame

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Colin's little shop had had to content himself with the notice pinned outside on the shutters.

"*Fermé par cause de beaux temps.*"

This was the only *patisserie* they got out of Madame Colin that day.

When these two lovers came back in the evening, all prepared for the jokes they knew would be made at their expense, it was not jokes they heard.

"Lovers after five years!"

That was what they were all ready to hear and they were ready to reply:

"Who wouldn't be lovers on a day like this!"

But there were no such jests. Everyone was saying—"War—war—the Prussians have crossed the frontier."

So the next day they went more seriously about their work again, but there was not one of them in those early days of August who thought that war was going to mean anything to them. Five days before, were they not at peace with all the world and was not Monsieur Colin's oven behaving better than it had ever behaved before?

Then one day, and with but a few hours' notice, the grey hordes of the Germans were pouring into Malines. The Civil Guard had tried to protect their little town—that Civil Guard of theirs that was going to do such wonders if ever the day of invasion should come. But when it came to this, what was their poor Civil Guard? A handful of flies against this swarm of locusts!

The Germans would not even treat them as soldiers, but shot them down in their hundreds against the white walls of the houses that were splashed red in the sunshine with their fresh hot blood.

This was war they were waging, they said. It was not a game of soldiers with tin bayonets and little wooden guns. War was their education, and they were going to teach it to the whole of Europe. France and then England, Russia, too, they were all going to learn their lesson and in the German tongue. But first this little land that had dared to stand in their way, this was the first to know the bitter meaning of war.

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When they saw the flames of their burning homes—tongues of fire licking the deep blue sky—when they saw their own townspeople shot before their eyes, then they would know and the whole world would know as well the lesson Germany had to teach.

The little baker was pulling a tray of cakes out of his oven when they ran in to tell him that the Germans were marching on Malines.

"Marching on Malines!" said he, and blew on his fingers because the tray was hot—"What has Malines done?"

What indeed? But what had been done by all that little land to deserve such a fate?

He would not believe it till they dragged him to his door and then, for the first time in his life, he heard the pitiless murmur of the heavy guns and he looked at his wife.

"Madame Colin," he said, "we do not sell *patisseries* to German dogs."

He did not sell them indeed. They swept into his shop, fine powerful men, the road-dust white upon their coats and clinging to the beards that had grown—in those few days of war—upon their faces. All that Monsieur Colin's window contained they took, cramming their mouths until the food spluttered between their lips as they talked, filling their pockets and demanding in guttural French to know where there was more.

There was more in the oven. They took the little baker by the scruff of his chubby neck and marched him into the bake-house. Trembling in the fear of her husband's passion, Madame Colin followed at their heels.

"This is robbery!" the little baker said, his fat cheeks hot and flaming in his rage. "Do you call this war! These are mine, my *patisseries*. I never baked them for your filthy mouths!"

"Did you cook them for your own, little baker?" said one of the soldiers—"for your own?" and with his open hand struck him across the mouth. "Fetch them out of the oven. We don't have hot cakes every day."

Madame Colin covered her eyes. She had struggled to be free of the arm around her that pinioned her own. She had

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cried out when first it had held her. But what was the use of crying out? In the distance of the streets there were other voices crying out with as much agony as her own. Who would hear her in all that hell of sudden misery?

This then was war, this horror of bloodthirstiness, this lawless freedom of men made beasts, trampling the still quietness of peace beneath their heavy feet and darkening the sunshine with destruction. Only the other day they were out in the fields where they had courted three years ago—and now! She uncovered her eyes. Oh—it was not true! It was all a wicked dream. Where was the army of France that was to have driven these devils out of their little land? Where was God that He could let these things be?

The little baker was struggling powerlessly in their hands. Using his hand like a cat's paw they had forced him to open the oven door, shouting with laughter when at the first touch of it the metal had burnt his fingers. He gave them no more cause for merriment on that score. Madame Colin knew just how hot that tray of cakes must be as he pulled it out of the oven. But he never winced again. Her heart burnt for him instead, and the hot tears, hot from her burning heart, trickled down from her eyes upon her cheeks, splashing on to the bakehouse floor.

One of the soldiers stretched out to take the first cake from the tray, but the little baker was too quick for him. With a swift movement, just as when he would shuffle them all out onto the board to cool, he flung the entire contents of his tray into the fire.

"That's cleaner than your filthy mouths!" he said. "I do not make my *patisseries* for dogs!"

They kicked him to the floor, but he rose again. His face was bleeding, but there was a holy anger in his eyes. Madame Colin trembled as she looked at him. He had always been such a fat, gentle little man, full of quaint, unexpected thoughts for her, as when he had put up their shutters on that fine day, and he had taken her out and courted her like a lover once again. But he was terrible to see. She cried quietly as she looked at him, thinking how great the spirit in him was—greater than she had ever thought,—to stand up there fearless before those powerful men. How gentle she would be with him, she thought, when

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they had gone. How softly she would wash away the blood that trickled down his face, now pale as death.

"Well—what are we going to do with the spitting little devil?" said one of the soldiers, looking at the hand that the little baker had bitten as he struggled to his feet. There was fight in him. He was full of fight. His little eyes were looking to right and left for vengeance. They held him tight. There was no knowing what he might not do if they let him go. Some of their fellows had had bullets in their backs from his like before.

"There is no trusting these Belgians," they said—and said it in their defence to the whole world. What men had they been if there were any trusting them under such treatment as this?

"Come along—stand him up against the wall," said another soldier. "Let the good wife see what a fine husband she's got when he looks down the barrel of a rifle."

Madame Colin screamed as they dragged him up against the wall of the bakehouse.

"You daren't! You daren't!" she cried.

How horrible it all was. In that one day, in those few hours, the world had changed to Hell. A few days ago this was impossible, inconceivable. The police would have stopped such cold-blooded murder as this. The Civil Guard would have shot these men. But there were no police—the Civil Guard had all been taken. They were alone in the world, all compassed within the four walls of that little bakehouse, and others no better off than they were shrieking in the streets outside. She thought she would go mad there before her husband's eyes. There was no law, no order. There could be no God. And it was only just beginning. They would go away, but that would not be the end. In sudden flashes of vision she saw all the fate that lay upon them, and it seemed even the hand of God—if He were in Heaven—was powerless to stop it now.

As though it were far away she heard her husband saying in a brave voice:

"They can't shoot me, Babette—they daren't shoot me. What have I done but burnt my little *patisseries*—and they were mine!"

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There was still law and order in his mind. He was a man—unable even in such a moment as that to rid himself of his preconceptions of life. He could see before him with the instinctive vision that was not hers. Law and order were no living part of her mental equipment. Dimly, as in a dream, she could see the utter chaos that had come about them now.

One of the soldiers brought his rifle to the shoulder.

"What's to prevent us shooting you, little baker?" he asked. "Don't you know what war is? Being a civilian won't help you in war if you lay a hand on the soldiers. We've got to teach you snarling little dogs that war's no pretty thing—no cake, little baker, with colored sugar on the top. It's sour bread and you've asked for it, you Belgians, and you'll have to eat it—crust and all."

Monsieur Colin looked down the barrel of the rifle, fearlessly into the soldier's eye.

"Put your rifle down," he spluttered—and then, with the quaintest simplicity in the world, he added, "you are frightening my wife."

They shouted with laughter. Frightening his wife! Was war ever a thing that did not frighten a woman?

"She'll see more things than your dead body to frighten her," they said.

They told him of things no pen can write that would put more fear of God into her than his stiff corpse on the bakehouse floor. They shouted with laughter as they saw the impotent agony in his face as he listened to their filthy jests.

Madame Colin was hanging now upon the arm that held her. Her eyes were glazed with fear.

"Give the little baker's wife a kiss," said one of them—"Give her a kiss for every cake the little baker threw into the fire."

She struggled madly in the powerful arms. She bit the bearded cheek that was thrust against her own. Monsieur Colin cried and shouted, struggled and swore, but was powerless in their hands. He could not look, yet in his hatred could not look away. They were holding her face in their hands so that she could not bite and kissing the lips he had kissed in the fields on

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that fine day when they had closed the shop, "*par cause de beaux temps.*"

In another moment he would have been mad. They saw he was dangerous. Perhaps they had gone further than they meant to go. But that was war. It was not safe now to let him free.

"Shoot the little dog," said one of them. "I don't want a knife in my back to-night. Shoot him. He's resisted. He'd be dangerous if you let him go."

The man with the rifle raised his weapon to his shoulder once again.

"Say your prayers, little baker," he said—"the cat's going to spit."

It had a sudden and amazing effect. For that one instant a quietness fell upon them all. Only for an instant. The next, the soldier who was holding Madame Colin in his arms had turned her so that she might the better see his end.

"Let her kiss the little baker before he goes," said one.

They brought her to her husband's side. They pressed her cheek against his as they held him there against the wall.

"Kiss me," she whispered in a broken voice. "Kiss me again—my dear."

He kissed her as he would have kissed a child. He knew there was no law and order now. All the anger had gone out of him with the knowledge of death. He kissed her gently—just as he had kissed her there in the fields. Her lips were cold as stone.

They pulled her away from him then. She shut her eyes and could not pray, could only think of prayer. The silence seemed unending till the report shattered the stillness about her ears. The little baker crumpled to the floor, one moment erect with life, the next a disordered heap of clothes they kicked upon one side.

Madame Colin dropped in the soldier's arms. For a moment she knew nothing. A second later sense came in a passing flash. They were carrying her upstairs. She shrieked—one piteous cry—but only one cry amongst the many. Then she fainted again. Later, once more, for one instant she opened her eyes.

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They were laying her on her bed—the bed she and her husband shared.

She screamed again, but there was no voice in her throat to give it utterance. That cry was in her mind and carried her on and beyond into a merciful darkness.

II

There was issued the order that all business was to be carried on as usual. Madame Colin was made to keep open her little shop. She made bread and buns, but there were no more *patisseries* with colored sugar on the top. Only Monsieur Colin had known how to make those. Indeed with *patisseries* Monsieur Colin had considered himself quite an artist. There was no one in Malines could make them so well.

To an officer of the German Governor, Madame Colin had made her accusations against the soldiers who had killed her husband. One of them, he in whose arms she had fainted, was still in the town. An accident to his foot had disabled him from marching. The others had gone on to Brussels and into France. He alone remained.

"The little baker," he said in his defence—"the little baker he fought like a cat." He showed the mark on his hand where Madame Colin had bitten him. "We would have paid him for all we took," he said. "But no—it was not payment the little baker wanted. He was after our blood and spilt his own."

The officer shrugged his shoulders and said this was war. He heard a hundred such cases as that in the day. She should be looked after, he said. If any soldier molested her again, she was to report the matter at once, and the man would be severely dealt with. After all, she was not the only woman who had lost her husband. Their women at home in Germany were losing husbands every day. It was war.

She went back to her little shop, a woman with dry eyes now. Whenever she went into the little bakehouse and pulled the bread out of the oven, she shivered and shuddered as though she went in a vault, but she never cried. The well of tears was dry in her

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now and she had forgotten the meaning of prayer. There was no God—there could be no God. Not the deepest sin in the world could have merited such punishment as this, and what sin had there been in them? They had just loved like children. There was no God.

Yet every Sunday, as if by habit, she went to Mass and listened to the old priest preaching his sermons of the infinite love of God while at the foot of the pulpit with rifle and bayonet fixed stood the soldier who had held her in his arms, lest any revolutionary words should come out of the old priest's mouth.

A month of the war went by and then a fear that chilled her soul and body stole upon the numbed stupor of her mind. She struggled against it, fought it down; would not believe and bit her lips as she went about her work. Another month went by and then she knew. She was to bring a child into the world.

She lay upon her bed and beat her hands upon the pillows. It seemed to her, her body was hiding some evil, loathsome thing. The very touch of herself became so horrible that she shut her eyes as she took off and when she put on her clothes. Night and day it was the same as the horror grew upon her.

What sin had she done? And yet she would not speak of it to the priest. The violation, the unchasteness of it in some way touched her pride. In time she learnt that other women in Malines were the same as herself, yet still she could not speak of it, for there, every Sunday, with bayonet fixed at the foot of the altar, stood the presence of her shame. Whenever he looked at her, she held her head high and the scorn in her soul was bitter on her lip.

But in time her secret came to be known. The very nature that had been shamed in her would not hide it longer, and word of it came to the soldier's ears.

He had no wife of his own in Germany and often he had said to himself as he stood below the pulpit listening to the gentle teaching of the old priest, preaching his gospel of tenderness in the midst of all that sacrilege of war, often he had said to himself—"She bears herself bravely, that Madame Colin—a little of this tenderness might make a good wife of her one of these days."

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These thoughts had come to him many times and then he heard of the thing that had befallen her, and one morning, while Madame Colin was putting the tray of dough into the oven, she looked up and saw the soldier standing in the doorway.

For a long moment, on that very spot where all her misery had been brought her, they stood in silence looking at each other.

"What is it you want?" she said at last.

"Just a few moments to talk," he replied.

"Of what?"

"Something I've heard."

"What have you heard?"

"That you're—going to have a baby."

No doubt there was some false note of gentleness in his voice. The bloodthirstiness of that day had passed. There is no man in the world who, in the balance of his mind, is not susceptible to gentleness in face of such a fact. Yet that very gentleness was the more repulsive to her. She would have welcomed his brutality from him then, and shuddered at the quietness of his voice.

"That's true, isn't it?" he continued.

She did not answer, but stood there staring beyond him, through the little shop and into the street outside. But her silence was the answer.

"Well—it's mine," he said at last, and could not keep back the note of pride that stung her like a whip across her cheek. For an instant she covered her face with her hands, then took them away and her eyes blazed out in their hatred and contempt.

"Yours!" she whispered. "Is it as evil and as vile a thing as that? Then how could it ever be a sin to strangle it when it is born?"

"You wouldn't do that!" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't dare. That would be murder."

She pointed dramatically to the wall of the little bakehouse.

"What was it you did to him?" she cried. "Isn't it murder you have taught us—and you call it war!"

"He would have killed one of us," the soldier said, "if we hadn't put an end to him. It was not I shot him down. I had no hand in that. Why should you kill the child? What harm has it done? In war these things happen. That day we

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were mad. Your Civil Guard had killed our men. We were mad that day. I'm not mad now. Don't I talk like a different man? Why should you kill the child? They might sentence you for that."

"Do you think it is the punishment I fear?" she asked him. "I'd kill a thousand such vile things, but that the Church would not forgive. Do you think I have any fear left of what men can do to me? It is the sin of it, if it is a sin. The mortal sin the priests could not absolve me of. What would you have me do?"

He shifted from one foot to another.

"I came to offer what I would do," said he.

"What would you do?"

"Well——" He had less faith now in the thing he was about to say, less faith than when he had watched her in the church at Mass. She would bear his child, he thought, and could not believe there was such hatred in her soul as this. "Well—I was going to say that when the war is over, we—we might marry—we might marry now before the child is born. But the war will be over soon. The Emperor's army will be in Paris in a week. England comes next. There is nothing can stop the Emperor's army. Here where we stand will be German land when the war is over. In a few years you will all be Germans, like they were in Alsace. You, too—and the child—our child—he will be German—what better? We marry. You feel ashamed now. But it was not your fault. You will feel no shame then. I am no bad kind of man. That day—ah—that day we were mad with anger, and hungry, too, and it was war. All soldiers are like that in war. It is what you expect. You see now I am no bad kind of man. What do you say?"

She let him finish—every word—her eyes closed, her lips half parted, just breathing as though each breath she lived in was more agony of shame to her than she could bear. When he had made an end, she stood there swaying a little unsteadily, her eyes still closed and, for a moment, leant against the bakehouse wall where the little baker had kissed her that last time in all the tenderness of death.

"Well—what do you say?" the soldier asked, thinking even in that moment that she was weighing it in her mind.

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At that she stood erect, her hands clasped across her breast, and her voice was low like a muffled bell as she began to speak.

"What do I say?" she repeated. "I say that God has cursed me deep enough with the infamy I have yet to bear. I say that rather than I should wed with you, with these fingers I would tear out the heart that beats in here. I feel shame now—yes—I feel such shame as burns and festers in my sleep at night and is a sore on all my body in the day. But that is a noble and a sacred thing beside this you would have me do. Your Emperor's army might subdue the world—but it can never sow one seed in all the conquered earth that shall not bear such poison as is born in me. Whether you conquer Europe, or lose what you have got, there is not one man who would not shed his blood to keep your name from off his lips, there is not one woman who will give her heritage to keep alive your hated race. Never in all the history of the world will the agony of this little land of ours be quite forgot. If I must bring this child into the world, then mine will be the duty to sit it on my knee in days to come and whisper in its little ear the hate with which I hate it. Never shall a day go by but what it says its prayers in hate, never a day but what it shudders at the stain its little body bears. Go back to your officers and your Emperor if you can and tell him what a poor woman in Belgium said when you offered her the honor of your German name. Go back and tell them that, and if ever again you bring your feet to the threshold of this little bakehouse where my husband died, take care of the hatred you will find there."

III

The next Sunday, Madame Colin made her way to Mass. There were those in the street she passed who knew her secret and lowered their eyes in pity as she went by.

There was a strange hush amongst those who were gathered already beside the door. For a moment she stood and heard their whisper. The old priest was going to say something in his sermon that day for which he might be sent into prison. None knew what it was. But in those days for what might not

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a man find punishment? All was so different from their days of peace.

Madame Colin found her seat and knelt in prayer. From where he stood below the pulpit, the soldier watched her, knowing the prayers she said, prayers for the death of that which was not yet born. He tried to hold his head erect, gripping the rifle which he held and boldly striving to meet her quiet eyes. She looked above him to the cross where the altar stood.

At last the Mass began and then the old priest read the gospel in his faint but audible voice. It told of the murder of the Innocents, when Herod sent over all Judea to kill the children of the Jews and Joseph and Mary fled into the land of Egypt with their Holy Child.

Before the Mass was over the old man climbed with slow dragging steps into the pulpit. With his withered hand he blessed himself and blessed them all. Even the soldier at the pulpit's foot stood under the shadow of his trembling hand.

Then he began his sermon, speaking in terms of narrative of the story they had just heard. After a while he paused and a strange silence came over all the church. Here was the moment come when he would speak and one and all they trembled in their minds for the old man who had been amongst them for so many years of peace.

"You may see but little meaning in the Gospel of the day," he said—"little that has meaning in these times in which we live." He went on then to remind them, however, that since their beautiful town of Malines had crumbled to dust and ashes before their eyes, he had urged upon them the great spirit of forbearance, telling them that God above loved those He chastened. It was a visitation, he said, to prove the nobility that was in their souls.

"But now," he went on to say, "I know that forbearance is not all. There are more things in this world than tribulation to be borne. Endurance is a noble virtue in the hour of pain—but there are some things which for their very nature can never be endured. When the stream of life is turned into the channels of sin, endurance then will not avail. The names of many women have been given me who soon will be mothers of shame—of

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shame they have not sought, of shame that is not theirs. This is a shame that cannot be endured—a tribulation that brings no virtue to be borne.

"Yes, my sisters—for it is to you alone that I desire to speak now in the name of the God of vengeance who condemns and of the God of Pity who absolves.

"You will not wish to perpetuate the abomination of which you have been the innocent and holy victims. The dregs of darkness must not appear in the light of day. Let each of you become the pitiless Herod of the opprobrious time which the infamous Amalekites have raised up on their bloody paths.

"Proscribe, extirpate, exterminate without scruple the filthy and criminal tares which would dishonor one day the wheat of our plains on which blows the breath of liberty.

"It is I, the man of God, strong in the cry of revolt of my conscience and in the supreme sense of the Divine Word, who confer boldly on you the right and calmly indicate to you the duty of letting no impure blood corrupt the treasure of your veins, in which sleep, awaiting the reawakening of century-old liberties, the high destinies of our race.

"I give you absolution before God and man and, if there is sin, let the expiation and the weight fall on me."

With a great cry of "Father! Father!" Madame Colin leapt to her feet. The soldier stood at the foot of the pulpit, hiding the burning shame of his face as he bent his head.

"Father!" she cried again, and then fell crumpled in her seat and four men bore her out.

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POEMS

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

LA GITANA

NONE of the girls of Ronda have feet as fine as mine,
That glimmer and glance through the whirl of the dance as fireflies blaze and shine,
Seen in some shadowy rambla outside a gay café.
None of the girls in Ronda can dance down death, my way.

Carmen and fat Conchita can sell themselves for shoes,
Black as their souls with the heels of red, such as the Cubans use.
They can sell themselves for their stockings, their spider webs of silk,
And their feet like their brows are brazen, but mine are white as milk.

For mine was a Northern mother my gypsy father found
In a brothel in Biscaya. And love in drink he drowned.
So I grew up in the gutter, slinking and wild to be
Alone, alive, in the open, sunlit, and flushed and free,
Naked in running rivers. So I must dance to-day
Where the eyes of the men are upon my face and flesh like beasts of prey.

And the tongues of the tawdry women they tear my life apart
And they smear my name with their women's shame as their teeth would tear my heart,
As they'd rip the flesh away from my face and the bodice from my breasts.
And the wave of life is around me. I am lifted on its crests.
I am lifted high on its surges; and the light it lends my eyes
Is the strength of noon and sunrise and the splendor of the skies.

I am caged in their snarling city, but between its shadowy bars
I see the loom of to-morrow and the altar lights of stars.

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Savage, violent, virgin; like a trainer in their cage,
They snarl at my looks like lashes, these women marred with age,
These men that my mind has mastered; and I rule their restless lives
With my feet that flicker through shadows like the bickering light of knives.

I dance and they bow before me. Barefoot I turn, I tread
On the throbbing hearts of the living and the ashes of the dead.
I dance till I stop, where he stands apart, till I hold his love and hate.
Master and man and the bravest heart, sultan and slave and mate.

HELEN

FLOWERS—I cannot bear them, for they fade.
Their fragrance is of death—their fading petals
Are clods of earth time flings on beauty's coffin.
For in the full unfolding of the rose,
There comes a time when the least breath of air,
The echo of a word, may be her end
And I am near it. All I have to-day
To-morrow is the wind's.—Be merciful.

I have been beautiful and known no mercy.
I have been happy, if this happiness
Be blooming in the sunlight like a rose,
Sufficient in itself. But he who gave
Dew to His roses, gave to souls like mine
A martyrdom of mirrors, and of tears.
Here where I watched my woman's blossoming,
Here where I planned my triumphs and fulfilled them,
Time turns his first least thread of that torment. I
Am made my own soul's executioner.

My mirror is my rack—and I shall see
When the scars show, the springtime and the dawn;
And how I wasted them. And I shall call

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Out of my agony, to lovers dead—
And to the living this one word: "Remember"!

And some of them shall hear me. Some of them
Shall see me in their dreams, and make of me
An image and a song of suffering,
Their agony and mine, too true to die;
Poignant and timeless as the spring herself;—
Where men shall see me walking and shall worship
What I once was in other eyes—forever.

COVENT GARDEN

GREY old Covent Garden bears its blossoms fair of song,
Bears its flowers in murky airs. They blossom all day long,
Free to all who chance to see. Here are bought and sold
Little living miracles of sunlight scented gold,
Suns and stars and galaxies, yours to have and hold.

Incense of the dews and dawn drawn for many a mile,
Come in slow procession while the gutter children smile.
Beauty past the windows blind the plodding carters bring,
Radiance of the rainbows mixed with all the airs of spring,
London's ancient offering to life, her lord and king.

English pink primroses that a drunken girl had pressed
Close against her mask of pain to gain a moment's rest;
Paler stars that shine where death his dirges slow recites,
Roses red that women wear through golden days and nights,
Little laughing marigolds and violets, shy delights.

All are in the traffic that our motor marches through,
Hooting through their fragrance on our way to Waterloo.
We have watched the magic of the moment that is May,
We have heard our morning mass; where London, grim and grey,
Makes its sweetest offering to joy that dies to-day.

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THE OLD

PARIS lay in the moonlight, Paris asleep and white,
Till across the court of my hotel I heard a cough in the night.
Horrible, hoarse, and choking, like the voice of death that lags
When the mind is blind, and the soul is sick, and furled its battle flags:
And life is a slow surrender, and the flesh is torn to rags.

Life is a slow surrender at last for every one.
They steal the light of day from us, and the splendor of the sun.
And each breath that we draw, draws nearer, coughing or crooning slow,
The old, old songs that we used to sing in the sunlight long ago,
To the darkness, and the silence, and the end that none can know.

Life is a slow surrender to the legions of the years:
All that we worked and wept for once, at last the urge of tears:
Strength of the hand, and muscles like armies drilled to die,
All melodies that fill the ear, all flowers that thrill the eye,
Beauty of waves and women, noon; midnight and morning's sky:

Scent of pale violets in the woods, of new mown hay and brine,
All savor of our daily bread, all wonder waked in wine,
Warmth of our children's kisses, clasping of clinging hands:
All these Thy gifts, we give Thee, Lord, who learn Thy law's commands,
Till sick and old and shivering the soul a beggar stands.

We lay upon Thine altar, Lord, a friend's last loving smile,
A lover's last letter, memories of gold that gleam awhile,
Of all things glad and tender, of all things fair and true.
Life is a slow surrender of all we dream and do:
Till the last pale embers smoulder cold, and the last frail hour wears through.

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Life that to this year's living devotes each spring gone by,
That gave us all, who giving our lives, at rest shall lie:
Life is a slow surrender of all our outworks. Still
We hold one citadel of thought, whose starving souls still thrill
To triumphs new, new battles fought by thought immortal wrought of will.

LES FORTS

WE were spawned in lava mountains. From the surf line of the sea,
We were cast on desert islands when the world began to be.
Rocks were hard to make us harder. Storms were strong to make us strong.
And our will was set and tempered where the frosts were sore and long.

Glaciers drove us. We retreated till we overtopped the snow,
Past the passes pierced the mountains: found the valleys warm below.
We went marching past perdition with a purpose ill conceived
Till we made us gods of granite, and a Law that we believed.

Then we made us camps and cities, for our cattle, for our wives.
And we found us gold and silver, and we purchased power with lives.
And we made us ships and seamen. Master craftsmen we became.
And we wrought us arts and letters; blew a bubble that was fame.

And our strength became our weakness. We were wasted in the night.
And we lost the stars in lewdness that blasphemed all law and light.
And we bred us filth and fevers till our children were as slaves
In the streets of dying cities, and our gods we laid in graves.

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Still we lusted for the open, for the sea, and for the sun.
There we marvelled at the mountains and the deeds that men
have done.
There we sought a Voice, a Vision; till our doctors of disease
Out of travail pangs of ages brought to birth a Soul that sees:

Made a mind that masters slowly want and weakness, storm and
time:
Wrests her secrets from the midnight; fills all space with rhythm
and rhyme:
Tears the rotting veils of vision from its Truth it dares to face:
Sees in man his own salvation, finds in fear its last disgrace:

Binds new burdens on the strong, and sets them sterner handi-
caps;
Spends their strength in ceaseless striving till they meet the great
Perhaps;
Lends itself to lift the fallen in its last crusade of light.
*For the mind of man is marching past perdition through the
night.*

BISKRA

GOD'S grey earth as God first made it, Biskra brings to
you and me.
Round about the green oasis like a frozen, dusty sea,
Hills and dunes surge on and halt. Here the French a desert
found,
Went to work and built a railroad. Now the wheels go rolling
round,
Down to Biskra from the mountains, down two slender strands
of steel
Where the master of to-morrow strikes a note the nomads feel.

All the wires beside the rails that thrill with preludes strange
and new,
Of the song to-day is singing, sound its tensions stern and true;
Stir the desert. Desolation wakes and living water flows
Out of earth in wells artesian till the greyness greener grows.

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Muddy irrigation ditches, ripples dull that leap and run,
Spell the motives of to-morrow's larger life beneath the sun.

Biskra stirs, and life electric through her tents in tumult thrills;
Here the desert, there the sunlight, feels the clash of master wills;
Stony hills where hell's huge seething cauldron fought to overflow,
Sandy dunes for æons drifting, now a stronger master know.
Man grows more. And men who blindly yesterday the line surveyed,
Human brutes who bore its sleepers, God's own path to glory made.

Yesterday they scaled their levels, yesterday through tunnels toiled,
Starved and suffered on the desert, saw their starkest efforts foiled;
Yesterday they won to water; dying slaked our thirst. And we
Down to Biskra, o'er the mountains bring unrest that stirs the sea;
Bring the city, bring the spirit of its struggles, of its sins;
Life that creeps and life that soaring, still to wider worship wins.

Biskra bows before its altars. Idle tourists stare and pass.
And the God unknown that made them sees each spreading growth of grass,
Sees new gardens; smiles; and slowly suns from utmost midnight draws,
Sends His light to man that slowly masters time's eternal laws.
Biskra smiles, and Biskra burns; and Biskra's arc-lights in the sand
Mark the trail where man goes marching till his soul shall understand.

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MEDICAL ASPECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

FREDERIC H. ROBINSON

SAYS the French *communiqué:* "In the region of Arras we have made some progress. Along other parts of the line only unimportant engagements have taken place."

"The situation continues favorable," the Berlin report announces. "In the Argonne we have repulsed the enemy's attacks and have captured 200 uninjured prisoners."

Civilian Paris is reassured. Berlin is increasingly confident. London reads and goes about its business.

In the grey dawn of the morning that follows, you may see an apparently interminable line of motor ambulances, with sleepy, white-coated surgeons and attendants, gliding out of the gates of Paris. They are bound for the scene of battle, fifty or sixty miles away, to pick up the human fragments of the "unimportant" engagements of the previous day and carry them back to the great base hospitals near Paris. The cars leave quietly, in the semi-obscurity of early dawn, for young patriotism must not be chilled by the ghastly realities of war.

And daily this terrible procession continues, only the lines of motor cars grow longer; to the regular ambulances are added thousands of other cars; and the faces of many of the surgeons have become aged and haggard.

Much has been written about the "harmlessness" of the modern bullet, about the safety and luxury of modern intrenchments, with their bomb-proofs, cemented floors and improvised shower-baths. Newspaper correspondents have been permitted to inspect hospital cars *de luxe,* with enamelled operating rooms, bath rooms, and every appliance of modern surgery. Photographs have been published of wounded French soldiers convalescing in Louis Quinze beds, and attended by aristocratic nurses from the Faubourg St. Germain. Groups of German officers surrounded by surgeons and nurses are shown recovering in a handsome hospital somewhere in the interior of Germany.

Of the terrible "gas" gangrene camps within a stone's throw of Paris, of the ravages of tetanus (lockjaw), of the

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dreadful dysentery trains in East Prussia, or of the cholera camps in Austria and Russia, little has been said. But gradually, from the unemotional reports of the sanitary officer and the surgeon, the medical history of the war is being written. A true picture of conditions in the war areas is emerging from the fog of contradictions and sophistries in the daily official reports.

Graphic writers have featured the huge German guns that boom their messages of death from a distance of ten or twelve miles, or the marvellous French artillery, as the great destructive agents of war. But in war the destruction by bullet and shrapnel and shell is incomparable with the toll of life taken by disease. Disease, not powder and lead, is the great destroyer.

Eighty per cent. of the deaths in the present war are due to disease. To one man killed by bullet or shell four die of infection. This is the estimate of Professor F. M. Sandwith of London, a world-authority on military surgery. Early in the conflict Professor Kracke in Germany warned Europe that fifty per cent. of those who went into the world-war finally would be incapacitated by disease or wounds.

But this does not mean that science has failed. For the first time in the history of great wars, typhoid fever—the Nemesis of all field armies—has been reduced to practically local outbreaks. Sir William Osler is authority for the statement that even in the water-filled trenches along the Yser only isolated cases have occurred. Typhoid fever claimed over 90 per cent. of our men in the Spanish-American War. It was the chief cause of death in the English armies in the Boer War. In spite of the stupendous scale on which the present war is being fought, the shortage of medical supplies in nearly all the armies, and the unexampled demands upon the sanitary and medical services, it is certain by this time that the genius of modern science will prevent the spread of the great devastating diseases that marked the history of former campaigns.

But new problems have arisen. New conditions have had to be met. Military leaders have acknowledged that many of their generally accepted theories have been profoundly transformed by the experience of the present war. It has been no less so with medical science. "This is an eighteenth century

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war, conducted with twentieth century technique," writes a prominent surgeon from the French firing line, "and science must meet these conditions."

In the western theatre of war, a peculiarly virulent surgical complication that has received the name of "gas gangrene" has been claiming a frightful toll of life. With the exception of tetanus, more men have died of this disease than from all other causes combined. It is the great bane of the medical corps. The disease is liable to affect any wound, whether serious or trivial. So rapidly is it spreading that it has been made the subject of a special report to the English Secretary of State for War. The most famous bacteriologists in Europe are working on the problem. Until recently, amputation had been practically the only means of saving life. And even this was uncertain, as often the disease broke out in another part of the body, after an infected leg or an arm had been cut off. In hastily built lazarets and hospital camps thousands of sufferers from this disease are herded together. So unbearable is the "gas" that comes from this infection that the most necessary attendance is performed under the greatest difficulty.

Along the line of vast intrenchments that mark the northeastern boundaries of France and up into Belgium lies the most highly cultivated part of Europe. For hundreds of years Norman and Flemish peasants and their descendants have prepared and tilled the ground. And now this "barnyard soil" has been found to be alive with strange organisms that attack the human tissues with terrible results. Hasty investigations have already been concluded, and recently England has put a scientific novelty into the field—a motor bacteriological laboratory that goes from place to place analyzing the soil and seeking to discover a protective serum from this dreaded disease. Several times the announcement has been made that the germ of this peculiar form of gangrene has been isolated and a serum found, but still the death rate is terribly high. Great difference of opinion exists as to the effectiveness of the various serums that have been tried.

Earlier in the war, on the same ground, tetanus, a rare disease in times of peace, killed thousands upon thousands, until science mastered the problem of its treatment. In the French

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hospitals the mortality rate from tetanus was nearly 100 per cent. "It is very frequent and very fatal," the German surgeons reported. England sent her greatest bacteriologists to the scene. In Germany, "War Medicine Evenings" were organized in the various medical centres, and every detail bearing upon the disease was carefully seized upon and studied. It was discovered that the soil in the valley of the Aisne was a particularly fertile field for tetanus bacilli. The usual measures proved absolutely ineffective. In desperation it was decided practically to flood the patient with anti-tetanic serum. This was successful. The death rate from tetanus on the German side was reduced to about 30 per cent. In the French military hospitals it was greater.

Soon anti-tetanic serum was worth its weight in gold. Nowhere had the great extent of tetanus been anticipated. In Germany particularly was the shortage felt. Healthy horses are necessary for the preparation of anti-tetanic serum and the German Government has appropriated the available supply of these animals for army use. In England bacteriologists began experimenting with dogs, but the serum thus extracted proved of little value. For some time German medical men have been using potassium salts in the treatment of this disease, but still the death rate from tetanus is high. The precious serum is used only in cases where the infection has not yet spread enough to preclude probable recovery. Every German soldier now carries a special antiseptic preparation and a needle, with printed instructions for injection.

From the standpoint of medical science, the most remarkable reversal in the present war has been the great drift towards antiseptic methods in the treatment of wounds. Indeed so thoroughly has the surgeon of the modern school been drilled in the application of aseptic measures only, that many have opposed the return to the old methods, purely on the ground that the modern surgeon would do more harm than good if he attempted antiseptic treatment. Both in England and France a storm of controversy has been raging over the subject. Pamphlets have been written and speeches have been made on both sides of the question, and the best known authorities in Europe are involved.

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"Aseptic measures have failed," some cry. "It is not enough that wounds be guarded against infection; they must be thoroughly disinfected." In France, Professor Tuffier has taken up the gauntlet for antisepsis, and the followers of Lister are claiming that antiseptic treatment has come into its own again.

Great difference of opinion exists also as to the efficacy of certain disinfectant agents. Iodine, liquefied carbolic acid, and even crude petroleum, each has its backers. Carbolic acid has risen from seven cents a pound earlier in the war to over $1.00 a pound since surgeons have reverted to antiseptic forms of treatment. So widespread has become the use of iodine in the cleansing of wounds that French and English surgeons popularly refer to this as the "Iodine War."

Whatever the failure of purely aseptic measures, it is due largely to the extraordinary conditions created by the new tactics of modern warfare. From Switzerland to the North Sea great armies lie hidden in miles upon miles of trenches, every inch of open space commanded by marvellously efficient artillery of great range. At many points the opposing lines are less than 100 yards apart. An unsuccessful attack at any part of the line leaves the wounded in the open spaces between the trenches. Exposed to the fire of both friend and foe, they sometimes lie for days in plain sight of their comrades, who are helpless to aid them. When the survivors finally are picked up invariably their wounds are badly infected. But even these are fortunate, compared with the men who, wounded while charging the enemy's trenches, have been left hanging in wire entanglements, when their comrades were driven back to their own trenches.

In most cases the trenches are too narrow for the work of stretcher-bearers, so that if a man is wounded and is unable to walk to the rear he must wait until night before he may be removed. Between Nieuport and Dixmude on the Franco-Belgian line, it is practically certain death for anyone to attempt to enter the trenches in the day time. There the advantage is with the Germans in having many ruined houses behind their position, while the Belgians have a clear space in the rear which is commanded by the German artillery.

Over two million sick and wounded men have been treated

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on the western front alone since the war began, often under the greatest difficulties. Emergency hospitals eight miles in the rear have been swept away by artillery fire. The quick shifts made necessary by some sudden change in the military situation many times have left the surgeons with little or no medical supplies. Under such conditions the terrible stories that come from individual sources—of emergency operations performed with pocket knives, often without the use of anæsthetics; of soiled bandages being re-used, and other instances that show an alarming lack of the most necessary surgical appliances—may well be true.

The tenseness and hardship of life in the trenches cannot be exaggerated. Cases of suicide have reached into the thousands. "Trench insanity" has become a common term with the surgeons in the field. Some of these cases are utterly hopeless. Thousands of officers and men suffering from nervous breakdown have been invalided home from the front and it will be impossible to employ them in active service again. In Berlin alone there are under special treatment 3,000 officers who have been made nervous wrecks by life in the trenches.

Surgeons have remarked on the many striking ways in which nervous subjects react to the strain of modern warfare, as shown by the dreams and nightmares which disturb the soldiers' sleep. Some develop a tendency to sleep-walking and are found wandering about the trenches, with faces expressing the utmost terror and anxiety. The horror of isolation—the dread of losing contact with his fellows—is the commonest nightmare of men on the firing line. In their dreams they are wandering through endless trenches, as complicated as an artificial maze, or they are picking their way through lonesome forests. The slightest noise during sleep calls up visions of exploding shells, or the tramp of armed men, and they are thrown into a frenzy of shouting terror, to the indignation of their resting fellows.

In the field hospitals near Laon, France, within the German lines, men are taught to use their eyes and hands and feet. They are suffering from a peculiar form of aphasia, due to the strain of protracted gun-fire. Under the direction of Professor Brockenheimer of Berlin they are taught like little children to recognize the simplest objects—a work that requires unending patience.

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"What is this?" a doctor asks, holding up a pencil to a grizzled warrior, apparently in the best of health.

The soldier looks at the object in a dazed and wondering way.

"What is this?" the doctor repeats, a little more insistently.

The soldier makes a tremendous mental effort. Then his face lights up: "A pencil."

"Correct," smiles the doctor.

Numerous cases of men suddenly going deaf and dumb, and even blind, are reported from the ranks of all the armies. Their eyesight or hearing organically is not affected, but they are the victims of a rare form of hysteria that may be cured by long treatment. It seems as if the overwrought mind had determined to shut off the horrors which were forced upon it.

Thousands have sought to escape the intense nervous strain of trench duty by self-inflicted injuries. When the military authorities became aware of this many soldiers were taken from the trenches and shot. In this connection, reports from medical quarters throw an interesting light on the circumstances in which so many men are suffering from wounds in the left hand, especially among Great Britain's Indian troops.

Highly colored press dispatches have described how the Indian troops with fearful yells rush to the attack, throwing away their guns when they reach the enemy's trenches. Armed only with a short knife—their national weapon—they grapple with their adversaries in a fight to the death. For German bayonets they have the utmost contempt, simply brushing them aside with their left hands. This, it was explained, accounts for injuries of the left hand so common among the Indian troops.

A well-known British surgeon offers another explanation.

"It is impossible to estimate," he reports, "the number of men who have shot themselves through the left hand in order to escape trench duty. It is scandalous."

So appalling have been the numbers of wounded, so urgent the necessity of quickly shifting great masses of men as the exigencies of the military situation demanded, that the medical and sanitary forces have often been utterly disorganized for want of transportation facilities. Thousands of men have died who

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could have been saved had there been adequate means of transportation. But in the great strategic game that is modern war the strong and the useful are considered first. Everywhere admiration has been expressed for the marvellous mobility of the German troops. Great armies have been shifted from the western to the eastern border and back again, and thus the remarkable network of strategic railways in Germany has more than justified itself. But uncounted thousands have been sacrificed to obtain this military efficiency. To transport a wounded man from the western front in France or Belgium to the German base hospitals near Cologne requires from four to seven days, so great is the crush of traffic bearing endless trains of supplies and ammunition to feed the ever-hungry gods of war, not to mention the constant stream of reinforcements.

On the eastern front the most difficult problem before the medical authorities is dysentery. It is spreading with great rapidity both among the German and Russian armies, as well as among the Austrians. This may have a most serious bearing on the health of Eastern Europe in the future. Even now in many districts in Germany this disease, brought back by soldiers from the Franco-Prussian war, has never been stamped out. Medical reports from Heidelberg describe the dreadful dysentery trains that for days at a time monopolize the railroads with their ghastly loads from East Prussia and Poland. Thousands of sufferers lying upon rough straw sacks are transported in freight trains that barely crawl along the congested roads, for right of way must be given to trains carrying reinforcements and ammunition. Without the slightest sanitary facilities, without stop-over arrangements, with a marked shortage of surgeons and attendants, these become horrible funeral trains.

The difficulties of treating this disease, with the transportation problems that have been described, are almost insurmountable. Across the border, in Russian territory, the transportation arrangements are mediæval. In prehistoric coaches drawn by Russian prisoners, German sick and wounded are jolted along incredibly rough roads for a day or more to some remote railroad station, where they are packed in freight trains for a weari-

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some journey of six or seven days through East Prussia, to the base hospitals in the interior of Germany.

Aside from the prevalence of dysentery in East Prussia and Poland, the German armies are freer from contagious diseases than those of any other of the European belligerents. Only 26 cases of cholera have been reported in Germany since the outbreak of the war. Like other parts of the German military machine, the medical organization is a marvel of thoroughness and efficiency. Probably there are more than 20,000 surgeons in the field with the German armies. Each army corps is in charge of a surgeon, assisted by an advisory surgeon and an advisory sanitary expert. Then come the division surgeons, the staff surgeons, the battalion surgeons, the senior surgeons, the assistant surgeons and finally the subordinate field surgeons. In addition each army corps has three sanitary columns that march with the fighting ranks. Every soldier has his first-aid packet; every sanitary officer his instrument set. Each battalion has its sanitary supply wagon in which are all first aid appliances.

German medical men have been quick to profit from the experiences of the present war. Not content with the "Military Medicine Evenings" at home, they hold medical and sanitary conferences right within the sound of their armies' cannon. Recently meetings have been held opposite the main French lines at Chauny, Peronne and Pont Faverge. That this exchange of observations and ideas has been productive of much good is evidenced by the success of the Germans in checking the spread of contagious diseases. Even the death rate from tetanus, which was never as high in the German ranks as in the French and English armies, has been reduced to less than 40 per cent.

It is probably in Galicia and Serbia that the greatest danger of plague exists. The approach of warm weather is awaited with considerable anxiety. In Galicia, cholera, the ancient scourge of armies, has been the stalking danger of the war. While cholera has been confined in Germany to 36 cases since the war began, in Galicia 1,370 cases were reported in one week among the Austrian troops. No doubt the disease is even more widespread among the Russians. The Austrians say that the epidemic has been carried into Galicia by the Cossacks of the

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Don. The Russians, on the other hand, claim that it travelled into Russia from Turkey, by way of Roumania and Bulgaria. Fortunately the present epidemic is less virulent than in any previous campaign, and the death rate does not exceed 30 per cent. It is the peculiarity of cholera germs that they appear in a new form with every epidemic. The fear has been expressed that the Germans in their attempts to strengthen the Austrian line in Galicia, with the consequent shifting of troops, will carry the disease into Poland, and that the interchange of troops in the west will bring it into France and Flanders. Dr. John Freeman, a noted English bacteriologist, has returned from a special trip to the Russian battle line, with several bottles filled with cultures. From this it is hoped to manufacture an effective anti-cholera serum for the English troops in Belgium and France. So far the disease has not appeared in the western theatre of war.

More detailed observation of the effects of rifle fire considerably modify the first reports of the comparative "harmlessness" of the modern bullet. It is true that striking directly it makes a small, aseptic wound. Also there have been many remarkable recoveries from bullet wounds. Men who have been shot through both lungs have returned to the firing line within three weeks. Soldiers have been almost literally riddled with bullets, yet have not succumbed to their injuries. Often the surgeons do not try even to locate the bullet.

However, so high is the velocity of the modern rifle projectile that ricocheting bullets have caused more serious wounds, and almost as many men have been injured by them, as by direct hits. Some of these wounds are of the most peculiar character. A projectile struck a man's pocket and glanced off without even scratching the skin, but the bullet hit another man and in the wound were found ten deformed pieces of gold that were forced out of the first soldier's pocket. One man lost the sight of his eye by being struck with another man's tooth. From one man's body was picked out part of another man's jaw, and in numerous cases eye-glasses, pocket-books and other miscellaneous articles have been found in wounds.

In many of the French and German base hospitals every body is autopsied. Surgeons have thus cleared up many "mysteries."

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Newspaper dispatches from time to time have described a wonderful shell. It liberated a gas that was fatal to every human being within the immediate area of explosion. The victims appeared to have been struck by a thunderbolt—no trace of wound, no blood to be found on the bodies. When the surgeons made the autopsies they discovered that in each case a fragment of shell had made an almost imperceptible wound and had penetrated to a vital spot, causing mortal internal hemorrhages. It was found that this came from the ordinary three-inch artillery shell, which breaks up into an average of 2,000 pieces, some about half the length of a lead pencil and the thickness of a visiting card.

A tragic sidelight of the "atrocity" stories that have been so widely circulated by all the combatants in the European war is the large number of doctors and nurses that have been made the victims of blind hatred. In Belgium, in East Prussia and in Galicia, doctors and nurses have been killed by civilians while the former were attending the wounded. The inflamed minds of the peasants mistook the work of mercy for "terrible atrocities." In France sanitary officers on both sides have been shot without question because they were thought to be poisoning wells, when they were testing the water. The terrible effectiveness of modern artillery has further depleted the ranks of the surgeons, so that already it is apparent that the loss of life in the medical and sanitary corps will be proportionately heavier than ever before. Indeed so many English surgeons have been killed while caring for the wounded that an order has been issued prohibiting them from the trenches. Recently Dr. Dercle, a surgeon in the French army, was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was wounded 97 times. Many times slightly hurt, he dressed his own wounds and refused to abandon his post, until a piece of shrapnel finally forced him to give up.

As this is written the end of the World War is not yet in sight, but when history records the details of the greatest catastrophe of all time, the achievements of the surgeon and the sanitary officer will find as conspicuous a place as those of the strategist and the military leader.

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THE HANDS

ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

I SING the hands of Labor:
The unskilled hands that smite and break and hew,
That cut and dig and draw and cleave,
That blast and delve and heave and dredge,
The sinewy, roughened, horny hands,
The seamed and maimed and knotted hands,
Begrimed and stained and worn—
All the patient, faithful, burden-bearing hands of the world.

I sing the hands of Labor:
The uncouth, virile, hairy hands of men
With dead dreams in their eyes, and in their hearts
The burnt-out embers of dead altar-fires.
The sodden days lie heavy on their souls
As sodden nights weight down their weary lids.
Could dreams and sacred fires be meant for such as these?

I sing the hands of Labor:
Unlovely hands with fingers blunt and shapeless,
The red and coarsened hands of women,
The women with no time for motherhood
Beyond the bearing of the listless babes
Conceived of pale, anæmic passion in sordid intervals
Between the hopeless days.

I sing the hands of Labor:
The hands of youths and maids who come with lagging feet
In the endless procession of workers,
With heavy, sullen features
And old, wistful eyes that question life.

I sing the hands of Labor:
The pitiful, thin hands of little children,
God's little children, robbed of love and laughter,

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And cheated of their playtime;
Thrust from their cradles by the greed of men
Into the ranks of toilers,
To sip of knowledge from a poisoned cup,
And learn the beautiful truths of their bodies
From lecherous lips;
Baby hands, fashioned for kisses,
That, still warm from the meagre breasts of gaunt mothers,
Are schooling themselves to patience and cunning
At tedious tasks.

I sing the hands of Labor:
The bony, bloodless, withered hands,
The feeble, faltering, palsied hands,
The tragic hands of the uncherished old,
So soon to drop the tangled threads of life,
And lay the blurred, unsightly pattern by.

I sing the hands of Labor—
All the patient, faithful, burden-bearing hands of the world . . .
Christ's tears will wash the scars from these poor hands.

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WHY DO WOMEN WANT THE BALLOT?

H. G. CUTLER

THE fairest way to answer the question is to hear what the suffrage leaders have to say for themselves, and then to learn what they have done with the ballot, in part or in whole.

The mother of the suffrage movement in America was Lucretia Mott, the gentle, soft-spoken, implacable Quakeress. Like Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and all the other suffragists, men and women, she was an uncompromising Abolitionist. Both were delegates to the anti-slavery convention held in London (1840) and there met for the first time. At that time, according to Harriet Martineau, only seven employments were open to women in the United States—teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton mills and book binderies, type-setting and household service.

William Lloyd Garrison was, of course, the most eminent delegate from the United States, and as nothing but death ever stilled his voice for universal freedom he could see no reason why the ladies should be shut out of the convention. But some of the English clerical delegates said their voices should not be heard because Paul had written to the Corinthians: "Let your women keep silence in the churches"; and again, in *Timothy,* "Let the woman learn in silence."

But neither Mrs. Mott nor Mrs. Stanton considered that Paul's opinions about the women of his times had anything to do with their case, and they were "put out" in more ways than one. They were as indignant as women can be who know they have right on their side; and that bald statement tells the story better than the most profuse literary embellishments. Then a little dinner was arranged to placate the women, at which several of the offending delegates were present. The peaceable and peaceful Lucretia, as senior of the female Americans, was invited to make some remarks (ex cathedrâ), which she did; and they hit and stung, though coated with all the Quaker gentleness of which she was mistress.

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Soon after her return from London, Mrs. Stanton entered the thick of the fight to force the State of New York to grant married women certain property rights and in 1848, with her Quaker senior and inspirer, she signed the call for the first convention in America to discuss the proper means of obtaining justice for her sex. It was held in her home town of Seneca Falls, N. Y., covered two days in July, and was largely attended —the papers said by "divorced wives, childless women and sour old maids"; but we know better now.

The "Declaration of Sentiments," adopted by the delegates, well describes the status of women in those days, and the platform of the convention is a landmark by which to measure the advance of the suffrage movement to the present. After a preamble founded on the Declaration of Independence, it says: "The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward women, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

"He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

"He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she had no voice.

"He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men—both natives and foreigners.

"Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

"He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

"He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

"He has so framed the laws of divorce as to what shall be the proper causes, and, in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of women—the law in all cases going upon a false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands.

"After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if

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single and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a Government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

"He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she is not known.

"He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

"He allows her in church, as well as state, but a subordinate position, claiming Apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry and, with some exceptions, from any public participation in the affairs of the church.

"He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

"He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God.

"He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

"Now, in view of this disfranchisement of one-half the people of this country, their social and religious degradation; in view of the unjust laws mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States."

This was both a "Declaration of Sentiments" and a "Declaration of Independence." Also a Bill of Grievances against Man, heading the list being the wrong that he had withheld from woman "her inalienable right to the elective franchise." The document shows, with brevity and strength, in what ways man

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has treated woman unjustly, and ends as it begins with a demand for suffrage.

With slavery killed by the supremacy of the North in the Civil War, the Abolitionists among women turned their undivided attention to the emancipation of their sex. Such men and women as William Lloyd Garrison, Julia Ward Howe, Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore, George William Curtis, Clara Barton and Lucy Stone Blackwell founded the National Woman's Suffrage Association in 1869. It may be that the last should be named first—that educated and fearless woman, lecturer in the face of fierce mobs which even Garrison could not quell, and for years the champion of woman's political equality with man, both as a speaker and as editor of *The Woman's Journal*. It was on the occasion of Lucy Stone Blackwell's seventieth birthday, in 1888, that Whittier wrote: "What Garrison did for the anti-slavery cause, thy energy, wisdom and eloquence have done and are doing for women."

The woman suffrage movement in the United States had its origin with men and women of might and conscience, and, in the main, it has been guided since by women of the broadest and deepest calibre, encouraged and supported by many eminent men. Yet, even in this day, a large proportion of the male voters of the United States believe and say that women want the ballot as a sort of luxury, an Adam's apple long held just beyond their reach; that they crave it as a "new experience," so dear to womankind, and that they will not know what to do with it when they have it in its full measure. Let us pray that they will not be as bewildered as many of the male voters who are still tousling their grey heads over it.

Even that Declaration of Sentiments, now more than sixty years old, might teach all men that the suffragists have always had very definite ideas of what they wished to do with the ballot. In 1848 they wanted to make the married woman something more than a chattel; to protect women in their property rights, their physical rights and their social rights; to assure womankind equal rights with mankind in the care of children; to allow her opportunities to earn a living, a reputation and even fame in those fields which best befit individual nature and education; to

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judge her in intellect, morals and spirituality as a human being capable even of raising the standard fixed by man.

Or, as declared by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts, one of the most eloquent, talented and versatile of American women, preacher, writer, good wife and mother, great as an organizer of charities during and after the Civil War, and a leader in all social reforms: "It has been the error of the past, as it is yet too largely the blunder of the present, to assume that man is the standard, and that the civilization which he has created embodies whatever is best and most permanent in human excellence."

Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Blackwell and all the other large figures in the movements for women's emancipation, warmly admitted that while man, in bulk, was narrow and unfair toward them, many great men were their earnest, honest, almost indispensable champions. It is only the narrow suffragists who claim that women have won advancement only by grimly fighting for it against the universal opposition of mankind.

A simple reading of the Sentiments of 1848 shows how many of the causes of indignation which women had in those days have been removed, and a review of the careers of the suffragists indicates how they have preached temperance, purity, educational and social reform, in the same breath that they have demanded the ballot as a constitutional right. As the years have gone by they have proved the breadth and depth of their aims in the uplifting work of the world. Lucy Stone Blackwell, the editor, Mary A. Livermore, the minister, Clara Barton, the nurse and humanitarian, Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, Belva A. Lockwood, the lawyer, and a host of other practical women fought broadly for sex freedom, made themselves of splendid use to society, and insisted upon the ballot only as a quicker and a surer means of "making the most of themselves" and benefiting society in a hundred ways. Even the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, head of the National Suffrage Association, and one of the most eloquent and influential ministers in the Methodist church, knows that her usefulness to the men and women of America would be immeasurably extended if she and her sex had the free use of the ballot.

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Without that privilege, the universities, medical schools, the pulpit, the court, the newspaper, the business office and virtually every avenue fitted to individual talents have been thrown open to women. Their property rights and the fair guardianship of children in cases of divorce are being adjusted through state laws and through the courts of common law and Domestic Relations; but there are even more vital questions which they want settled and determined justly. Little advance has been made in protecting girls from the sex passion of men, and in equalizing the standard by which society judges of sex delinquencies in men and women of mature years. In fact, among the Sentiments of 1848 about the only grievance levelled against man—the greatest of the list—is expressed in these words: "He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man."

Within modern times, the Double Standard has taken no more slimy, cowardly form, under the cloak of the law, than what is known as the Age of Legal Consent; the age at which a girl may sell her body and soul to any lustful scoundrel who can excite her passions and overcome her scruples, or allow her inborn passions full sway, strictly under the laws of a supposedly Christian republic. In the different States of the Union the age of legal consent is 16 in 24 States; 18 years in 12 States; 14 years in 7; 15 years in 2; 10 years in 2 (Georgia and Mississippi); 12 years in 1 (Kentucky) and 21 years in 1 (Wyoming).

The age of consent is lowest in the South and South-west, and highest in the West—especially where women have the strongest hand in suffrage and the loudest voice in legislation. In Wyoming, one of the five equal suffrage States, the limit at which the sacrifice can be legally made has reached the comparatively mature age of 21. A few years ago, a woman legislator in Colorado, another free State, tried to push a bill raising the age of self-immolation of girls from 18 to 21, but was obliged to retire before the protests from the male representatives. In the three other States—Washington, Idaho and Utah—where women have full suffrage and all the privileges of legislation and

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office-holding, the age has also been fixed at 18. In the Middle-west and the East it is almost uniformly 16 years, although up to 1885 it was only 7 years in Delaware, where it is now 18.

In the year named, Mr. Stead, the great British editor, told the London public a few plain hideous truths about the crimes which were being committed against young girls, and Parliament raised the age of consent from 13 to 16 years, where it still stands.

At the most impressionable and critical age in a girl's life she may legally abandon herself to lasciviousness both in Great Britain and in half the States of this republic! At sixteen years of age, when so many girls are without home or moral training and may have had little experience with the ways and wickedness of men, they are given absolute sex freedom; and the records show that the careers of dissolute women commence usually between the ages of 16 and 18.

Men are not satisfied with such havocs of womanhood, and periodically the agents of vice have bills introduced into the legislatures lowering the age in force.

This is one of the most vital reforms which the women suffragists have started out to accomplish—to raise the age of legal consent uniformly to 21 years, by which time the girl is a woman and should be better able to judge of the consequences of her actions than if she were anywhere between 10 and 16. When this shall have been accomplished, perhaps society will be prepared to discuss the wisdom of abolishing all laws which consent to vicious and degrading practices.

Hideous as are the laws which legalize woman's ruin, it may be said of them that they partially protect the childhood of girls. But to make the standard of morals for the sexes uniform, it should be made a crime for the youth to abandon himself to sexual passion before he has reached the age of 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18 or 21, as the case may be in his resident State. The young male, and even the old, would at once throw up his hands in derision, and exclaim sarcastically and wrathfully "Ridiculous! ridiculous!" But why is it ridiculous for Him, if not for Her?

As to those in wedlock, we may learn something from the Roman laws, which insisted primarily that it was unfair for a

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husband to demand chastity on the part of his wife if he himself did not set her an example of good conduct. A father might kill his daughter and paramour, if taken in adultery; the husband never, as he was considered beyond the pale of reasonable judgment. The laws were severe against both husband and wife who committed crimes against chastity, but they were but loosely enforced, and in the last days of the Roman republic social conditions were very bad. Both wives and husbands were sending each other decrees of divorce for the most trivial causes. Martial, the poet, says that one woman of high birth married ten husbands in one month, and it became so unusual for a lady of fashion to remain married to the same man that the word "univira" (a woman of one husband) was placed on the tombs of a select few matrons as a mark of unusual distinction. This state of affairs was one of the most marked features in the decay of Roman civilization. It was a single standard of license in the most debased morals, and is the very opposite from that for which the progressive women of to-day are striving.

In England women have never reached the point where they shared with men equal rights of divorce. Although a husband can obtain a divorce upon proof of his wife's infidelity, the wife can get it only by proving, in addition to the husband's adultery, that it was aggravated by bigamy or incest, or that it was accompanied by cruelty or by two years' desertion. It was such injustices and inequalities as these, with other grievances against the sex, that aroused the Militants of England, and furnished them with a questionable excuse for the destruction of property, for hunger-strikes, self-murder and other violences. If the women of Great Britain and the British Empire had been stationary in their efforts to obtain the suffrage, and various liberal measures of freedom, the revolutionary branch of the movement under Mrs. Pankhurst might find some excuse for being and spreading. But the truth is, as we shall show, that British women have advanced as rapidly as our own without resorting to any other means than those sanctioned by the law. Why should they change their policy, especially when Militancy, as understood in England, is not supported by the national sentiment of either Great Britain or the United States?

Now what are the facts about woman's suffrage in the coun-

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tries where it has been longest on trial and where it has made the most pronounced progress—in the lands protected by the United States of North America and the British Empire?

The five States in which women have full suffrage and can hold any office within the power of the commonwealths to confer are divided by the Rocky Mountains; and the women say that Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado have real backbone. They are the backbone and spinal cord of the country and through them all the sister States are being inspired and invigorated.

Although Wyoming has had equal suffrage longer than Colorado, what woman's ballot has done for the Centennial State is a better test of its worth, because Colorado is one of the foremost of the commonwealths in population, wealth, social activities and metropolitan and industrial forces. About 40 per cent. of the total vote of Colorado is cast by women, and twenty years of political influence sees an overwhelming majority of male suffragists upholding them and their plans. This political marriage has turned out so mutually helpful and agreeable that the suggestion of a divorce would be hooted down instantly. Colorado remembers what powers her women have been in establishing a State Home for Dependent Children (three of the five members of the managing board being women), in making mothers joint guardians of their children with fathers, in raising the age of protection for girls to 18 years, founding a State Industrial School for Girls, placing a woman physician on the State Insane Asylum Board, creating a juvenile court, passing a compulsory educational law, making it possible for the employer of a child under 14 years in a mine, mill or factory, to be punished by imprisonment, fixing an 8-hour day for the woman obliged to be on her feet, and other like measures for the protection of women and children—and sometimes directly, of man himself.

For remember how Tennyson put the vital matter in *The Princess:*

> "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
> Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
> If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow?"

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Washington came into the list of States in which women have equal suffrage rights with men, in 1910. The amendment carrying that right passed by 25,000 majority, although it had been defeated in 1889 and 1898. Aside from the constitutional claims advanced by the suffragists of Washington, these reasons for believing that they should have the ballot are always worth pondering:

Because those who obey the laws should have something to say as to their making.

Because those who have the homes in charge should be able to aid in the law-making which protects and relates in any way to children and the home.

Because it is the most womanly, economical and efficient way of influencing public affairs.

The last-named "because" is the rock upon which thinking women divide.

Outside of the five equal-suffrage States, progress has been fragmentary, but very marked in some sections. The southern States are virtually stationary in this regard. Women tax-payers have the right to vote on school bond issues and certain other minor matters in Louisiana, but that is as far as the suffrage movement has advanced in the South. Southern women are not only conservative, but they seem to keep alive and bitter the fact that the suffrage movement originated in the North among the old-time Abolitionists.

Generally speaking, woman's suffrage in the United States has been more widely exercised on educational and property matters than on any other public measures. Oregon, Arizona, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut grant the school franchise, sometimes with tax-paying qualifications. In 1913 a full-suffrage bill passed both houses of the Wisconsin legislature, but was vetoed by the governor.

Iowa has granted women a limited form of tax-paying suffrage for school and municipal purposes, and legislation is pending to broaden the scope of the franchise.

The most pronounced triumph of women suffragists within

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late years was the passage of the Illinois bill (approved by the governor June 26, 1913) which granted them the right to vote for presidential electors, members of the State Board of Equalization, clerk of the Appellate Court, county collector, county surveyor, members of the Board of Assessors, sanitary district trustees, and for all officers of cities, villages and towns (except police magistrates), as well as upon all questions or propositions submitted to a vote of the electors of such municipalities or other political divisions of the State. On February 3, 1914, after a widely extended campaign of education and political instruction, the women of Chicago registered 153,000 strong that they might vote at the primaries in the selection of aldermanic nominees and at the election in April.

This record is somewhat remarkable when placed against that of November 1, 1872, when Susan B. Anthony and thirteen other women were arrested in Rochester for registering and voting. Miss Anthony, the ringleader, was fined, in spite of an appeal to Congress for protection under the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment guaranteeing to all the equal protection of the laws.

In 1913 woman suffrage amendments were defeated in the legislatures of Florida, Nebraska, Maine, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Missouri and Delaware, final action on a broadening of the right of suffrage was deferred in Iowa, New York and Pennsylvania, and amendments are pending before the legislatures of Montana, Nevada, North and South Dakota.

The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States and those of the upper Mississippi Valley have been far in advance of the New England and the old-time Middle States. Even Massachusetts, so long considered the home of liberalism, has granted only school suffrage to women, although many public offices are open to them. The general theory of the Massachusetts law is that women are not eligible to constitutional office and cannot be made so even by statute. They are therefore appointed to serve on such boards as those connected with the State Industrial School for Girls, the State Hospital and State Farm and Registration in Dentistry and Medicine. They may also serve as Special Commissioners whose duties are somewhat similar to those of justices of the peace and notaries public, agent of the

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State Board of Charities, assistant town clerk, overseer of the poor, police matron, assistant register of deeds and town library trustee.

There is no eastern State which is so illiberal in its treatment of women as Pennsylvania. This is largely owing to the preponderance of the ignorant foreign element in the industrial classes which constitute the bulk of the population. Women in Pennsylvania have no form of suffrage and hold practically no offices except those connected with the schools, notaries public and police matrons.

It will thus be seen that the suffrage lever in the hands of women is yet far from being a power either for defence or offence. They have made considerable headway by working through the State legislatures, and there is a strong sentiment, especially among the newspapers, that they should confine themselves to this species of propaganda. It is claimed that conditions are radically different in the several States; for instance, that the women of Illinois are, on the whole, better fitted to exercise the right of suffrage on school, property and other questions, than those of Pennsylvania, and that the conditions of their lives make it necessary that they should participate in the making of the laws.

But the suffragists are by no means convinced that they should confine their labors to the States. They have not ceased to push their cause with the legislatures, and have never missed a year since the formation of the National Association to present their petition to Congress to have the Fifteenth Amendment amended so that the right to vote shall not be abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex. In December, 1913, the cause of woman suffrage was presented to Congress for the forty-fifth time, and later to the non-committal President Wilson. Such women as Miss Jane Addams, while wrestling for the cause with the State legislatures and in a hundred other special fields, still believe that a clean and wholesale sweep of everything opposed to it will never be accomplished until woman's suffrage is recognized as a right by the constitution of the United States.

Although American women were first in the field as claimants to the right of sharing political influence with men, it is a

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question whether they have not been distanced by their sisters of the British Empire.

Charles Fox, the great parliamentary leader, once declared: "It has never been suggested in all the theories and projects of the most absurd speculation that it would be advisable to extend the elective franchise to the female sex." Eighty years afterward another eminent man of his day, John Stuart Mill, proposed in the British Parliament that women be given the right to vote. His amendment to the bill to that effect was rejected in 1867. But Mr. Mill bravely assumed the care of the interests of British women in Parliament and guided them with varied success, in coöperation with the leading suffragists, until his death. In the late 'sixties several constitutional lawyers decided that women were legally entitled to the ballot, but the courts, Gladstone and Parliament were against them.

John Bright at first gave the movement an indirect support through sympathy with Mr. Mill, but afterward became its open enemy, arguing that the fathers and husbands, brothers and sons of the women of England should be sufficient guarantees that female interests would be protected. After the death of Mr. Mill, Mr. Bright's brother, Jacob, was the most powerful parliamentary champion of the suffrage movement in Great Britain, and in 1870 introduced a bill to "remove the electoral disabilities of women," but the measure was defeated. In this campaign John Bright had not only to argue against his brother, but against two married sisters, three married daughters, three married nieces, two nephews, and a host of other relatives, male and female, who were more indirectly connected. Although he lived to see another sweeping measure defeated, he did not die before women had been given the right, as householders, to vote at municipal elections, to serve on school boards, and to acquire, hold and dispose of their property as if fathers, husbands, brothers and sons had never acted as their "natural guardians."

Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, widow of the blind Postmaster-General of Great Britain and himself a life-long friend to the women and their cause, was one of the first to move in the suffrage reform. For many years she has been at the head of the National Women's Suffrage Societies, and still stands by her

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sentiment expressed long ago: "The studious moderation of the societies, the absence of tall talk, is one great secret of the progress which the woman's movement has made in England. The words Man, Woman, Humanity, etc., send a cold shudder through the average Briton, but talk to him of John and Elizabeth and he is ready to be interested, and up to his lights, just."

A still earlier advocate of woman's suffrage than Mrs. Fawcett was the late Miss Anna Swanwick, one of the deep scholars and strong women of whom England was proud, although the "average Briton" was afraid of her.

Florence Nightingale, best known as the Angel of the Hospital; Emily Davies, the founder of Girton College and the good friend of woman's higher education; Mrs. McLaren, sister of John Bright, and Mary Somerville, the great mathematician, also united their strength with such as could be put forth by Mr. Mill, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, John Morley, Postmaster-General Fawcett and others, to advance the suffrage movement.

In brief, the result has been the granting of municipal, county, parish and district suffrage to the women of England. They are eligible as mayors, aldermen and county and town councillors. In London they can vote for the 28 borough councils and 31 boards of guardians of the City Council. They can be elected to any of these bodies, as well as to the 23 district committees. There is nothing to prevent a woman from acting as chairman of the London City Council, or as the Lord Mayor himself.

Scotland has granted women county suffrage and municipal suffrage to widows and single members of the sex. The women of Ireland may vote for all officers except members of Parliament.

As to the Dominion of Canada, women have the right of municipal suffrage in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the North-west territory, and single women and widows have it in the province of Quebec.

There is no country in the world in which the right of suffrage is so fully accorded to women as in the Commonwealth of Australia, formed in 1901 by the federation of the six provinces, or States, of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. In the following

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year full national suffrage was given all women in federated Australia, as well as full State suffrage in New South Wales; and since 1902 the same privilege has been accorded to the women of Tasmania, Queensland and Victoria. South Australia and Western Australia had been granted full State suffrage before the formation of the Union. New Zealand has enjoyed full suffrage for women since 1893, and in this, as in other social and economic reforms, is one of the most progressive of modern countries.

But the women across the water and to the north of us will not rest until full suffrage is granted them in Great Britain and Ireland and throughout the Dominion of Canada. How near they have reached their aspirations in England is told by the tantalizing fate of the Willoughby-Dickinson suffrage bill in the House of Commons, May 6, 1913. That measure proposed to give the franchise to every woman in England who, if she were a man, could be registered as a parliamentary elector in respect to household qualifications, or who was the wife of a man so qualified. The bill failed of passage by 266 to 219. It would have gone through the House if more than fifty Irish nationalists had not voted against it.

On the other hand, less than a month afterward the Norwegian Storthing unanimously voted to extend woman's suffrage so as to cover the national elections without regard to the amount of their income tax, and in September, 1913, the voice of Queen Wilhelmina from the throne proclaimed that the States-General of the Netherlands would in the near future give the ballot to women.

The pioneer of continental Europe in agitating the political rights of women was Mrs. Marie Goegg, of Geneva, Switzerland. She was a product of the liberal education accorded her sex by the historic university of that city. Soon after the great Peace Congress had met in her native place (August, 1868), it occurred to her that she might organize an international association through which women might act and influence the thought of the civilized world. She did so, and for the first time their free voices were heard in the following year, during the congress

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which had merged into the International League of Peace and Liberty.

But the women of Switzerland derived little benefit from the labors of their earnest countrywoman. A disagreeable odor had attached to the movement, and women who asked to be emancipated were viewed as disreputables who respected no social laws. Switzerland was small, everybody was under close observation, and it required a courage which few possessed to come out openly for the cause.

France, the mother of democratic, radical and revolutionary ideas, has made little practical advance in gaining political rights for her women. Female teachers vote for members of the boards of education, and since 1898 women engaged in commercial pursuits vote for judges of the tribunals of commerce. As a rule French women have little sympathy with suffrage, retaining their racial instinct that they may accomplish more through social influences, personal suasion and the special charms of the sex than by working openly through the ballot. Their position is similar to that of the women anti-suffragists of the United States. They fear that if they were to earn the right of suffrage and exercise it, they would lose much of that subtle and distinctive femininity, which, after all, is dearer to the majority of women than the right to use the ballot as a direct weapon to force their ends.

In such sections of Germany as Westphalia, Schleswig-Holstein, Brunswick and Saxony, women who own property vote by proxy on measures of taxation, but they do not cast a direct ballot. The progressive movements in Germany, as they affect both men and women, have largely taken the form of educational and industrial training. The women share the national belief that education precedes every good, and they have therefore not asked for full suffrage. After doing all they can to educate, they take John Bright's stand—rely upon their male relatives for their political and legal protection from injustice.

Austria is in the advance of Germany; for women have been granted municipal suffrage in Bohemia and Moravia and they vote at local elections in Croatia and Dalmatia.

In Roumania, Albania and other of the Balkan States the

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women have various forms of municipal suffrage by proxy, the ballot being based on the payment of taxes. Belgium also grants women tax-payers the same right.

Sweden gives them the right to vote in all elections except for representatives, and by proxy for the Upper House. In Italy, widows who are property owners vote by proxy for members of parliament.

Russian women, as householders, vote for all elective offices and on local measures; also manage their own property. They vote by proxy for members of the council and county assembly. In Finland they vote for elective offices, and even in Siberia they have municipal suffrage.

Thus, throughout the civilized world, woman has gained various degrees of freedom in the exercise of her political rights. There is a universal agreement that the evils which cry the loudest and most piteously for correction are those with which man so often burdens womankind, and therefore humankind for all time. The suffragists claim that only the ballot in the hands of women can right these wrongs which stretch so drearily down the ages. Woman's status is virtually fixed as a thinking, working, tax-paying creature who may manage her own affairs under the law, and, in a large part of the world, have an influential voice in public legislation. She is protecting children against all forms of degrading and debilitating labor and, largely through her work, the courts and the States are giving decent mothers an equal share in the control of their children with decent fathers. She is following her blood-sisters, wherever they are weak, wicked and unprotected—to jail, hospital, asylum, school and street—and, both in public capacity and private character, is giving them sympathy, practical help, advice and uplift. To-day her most pressing need of the ballot is to protect her weakness against the weakness of the male sex, and to force the law to fix the same standard for weak sisters and brothers, weak wives and husbands, weak daughters and sons. And surely she may help also, with all the power that sorrow and knowledge have given, to guide men's feet into the way of peace.

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A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

LEWIS EDWARD COLLINGS

THE tongues of men and of angels might be put to good use now to reaffirm certain truths which were emphasized for the first time at their true value by Jesus Christ and reëmphasized by Tolstoy and other men.

The first of these truths is that love must be substituted for violence as a principle of individual and national conduct before there can be an end to individual or national strife. Unless this cardinal principle is accepted and practised there can be no universal peace. It is only as men and women have recognized this as true and have practised it by self-sacrifice that there has been any progress toward real civilization.

This is an attempt to present once more in a sincere way a plan of action as old as history and so simple that it was considered revolutionary, when first proposed, and is still regarded as the dream of a fanatic and a visionary. Generation after generation beholds the proof of the power of love to conquer all things, but each generation rejects the love principle as "impractical" and waits for the next generation to accept it and practise it. The churches preach it, but do not practise it; therefore the world will not listen with conviction. And it must be ever thus until some community of men and women—some nation—will make the sacrifice. A few individuals, who have done so, have left the record of their example. The world has turned to them, practising love, as it would to the living God. For God is love.

It is significant for the future of the United States that there are men in our national life to-day who recognize the truth of this principle. That some of them are trying, in part, to apply it—amid a clamor of ridicule and abuse—is encouraging. It is only the power of the love principle, leavening civic thought for nineteen hundred years, which prevents the crucifixion of these statesmen. As it is, they must bear their crosses to Calvary.

Men have tried for untold centuries, as they have marched up from savagery to barbarism, from barbarism to the present

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period of civilization, to guarantee peace by arming for war. There is not an instance on record where this principle of violence has succeeded. On the other hand, a few men and women, whose lives are a matter of record, and many whose lives have been buried "in the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," have practised love and non-resistance. The world turns to the record of those who, it knows, have been true in practice as in speech, and reveres them as its great teachers and sages. They have lived and worked and died for a plan which was just, and the world has given its reverence. While the empires of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, founded upon the principle of violence, have shrunk and withered, the kingdom of Christ, founded upon the principle of love, has extended from a little carpenter's shop in an obscure corner of the earth to the ends thereof.

If pseudo-Christianity, so often preaching love and practising violence, can accomplish such results, nothing is impossible to Christ's true gospel.

Lest there be a misunderstanding, it is well to state that the practice of the love principle is not consistent with the conduct of the mass of people who are known as Christians to-day. Neither is the practice of this principle sanctioned by the churches to-day. Christ knew no denomination. Until Catholic and Protestant alike become Christian, there can be no practice of the love principle in its purity and simplicity.

Nor is the practice of this principle in accordance with the generally accepted idea of national patriotism. For the love principle cannot be practised without conflict between it and the doctrine of violence upon which all Governments depend in the last analysis for their power to govern. Hence a conflict of principles is inevitable for those who would prove that love can conquer where violence fails. Christ was not able to avoid this conflict. Neither are any of his loyal followers. Therein lies the self-sacrifice and self-denial of the cause of love. From this standpoint there is no justification for violence under any circumstances.

It will be said at once that this is simply the acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount in a literal way, without the application of "common sense." So it is. It is a platform which has

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love for its chief plank and which declares the search for truth to be the highest mission in life. For the truth shall set you free. At the same time it teaches the advisability of rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, because it is useless to oppose the master of so many legions, but possible to convert him, and the legions too, by the power of love. It proclaims that a man shall be a " molly-coddle " and a weakling, if the magnificent strength which Christ exhibited toward his enemies can be so branded by practical people. It urges its principles upon no one unless he can convince himself of their truth and value by practising them. It declares that God is love manifested by self-sacrifice and that religion is the practice of this love. Deeds, not words, are the only test of its worth.

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CIVIC PRIDE IN NEW YORK CITY

HENRY W. WEBBER

SOME one has said that the condition of the village cemetery affords a fair standard by which to judge the government and people of the village.

A city is what its residents make it. It should mean to them something more than a mere geographical unit or a centre of business and social activity. There should exist in the heart of every citizen an assertive, progressive affection for the city of his home. Nowhere is civic pride at so low an ebb as in our American cities. In this respect we suffer lamentably in comparison with Europe. The citizen of the smallest town in England, at home and abroad, can be heard to boast of its attributes. The German abroad likes to dwell upon the merits of his Dresden or of his Munich, and takes great pride in introducing his fellow-townsman.

How can we best create or foster the spirit of civic pride? History, tradition, limited municipal area, a general population of high-grade intelligence—among the factors creating civic pride—are not the heritage of every community. They do not exist in a city like New York, with its mass of cosmopolitan people. Here large bodies of citizens do not know the literal meaning of the phrase.

The real solution of the problem lies in the education of the individual citizen to a higher standard of civic living and civic housekeeping. Teach him the penalties of inefficiency, and the rewards of virtue. Appeal to his mental, emotional or physical side. Do not legislate or indict. Teach a man that reform of a single bad civic habit will bring health and happiness to himself, or to his family, and he will listen, and probably follow. Command, and he will turn his back, pay the fine, and damn the magistrate.

That thought was in the mind of the late lamented Mayor Gaynor. Going about the city, one cannot fail to observe the numerous opportunities for making the city a better abiding place—safeguarding the citizen's health, broadening his mental-

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ity and quickening his pride and impulse for good. This article is not intended as a criticism of the present municipal administration. It is simply a plea for a principle, a policy. It might well be undertaken by a future administration, elected by a party upon a platform whose slogan shall be "Educate the Citizen." The functions of the municipal administration of the future will be not only to govern but also to teach.

"It is by teaching that we learn." In the ideal municipality the principles of municipal government will form an important part in the curriculum of civic teaching. The citizen will learn how to keep his civic house in order as well as the rules of civic conduct toward others and toward his government: so that the science of governing taught by one administration will become an art in practice by the succeeding administration. The exercise of this dual function, to govern and to teach, will find its great reward in the product of the material from which the personnel of all succeeding administrations will have to be drawn.

The best manner and method of exercising this novel dual function of the ideal municipal government would have to be left to experts and experimentation. A beginning could be made by the division of each city department into a bureau of administration and a bureau of research: the former to exercise purely governmental functions; the latter to create, to initiate, to experiment, to teach. The bureau of research to be presided over by an official, subordinate to the head of the bureau of administration, of expert or professional training, suitable to the particular department in which he is designated to officiate. The desirability of a high degree of skill in such an official, especially in the beginning, is self-evident. For to him will be accorded the important task of initiation and organization.

The possible results from the execution of such a plan are overwhelming. Let us take, for instance, the Health Department—the most important of the city's departments. It is so, because it has in its care the vital welfare of the city's men, women and children. The conservation of the public health is the highest function of any government, city or State. No means should be spared to further its administration and progress. Upon the health of the citizen depends the future welfare of the

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State. Upon it depends the decrease of crime. A proper and scientific administration of this department would soon relegate to the rear what is now popularly regarded as the most serious branch of municipal government—the Police Department. The Health Department has, or should have, under its watchful eye, the health of the citizen, at work, at play and at rest. And the extent to which the department performs this task, and the manner in which it does so, will be the measure of the efficiency with which the citizen performs the functions of life. It is here where the dual function of municipal government—to teach as well as to govern—is most needed and would be most efficacious. To teach the citizen civic cleanliness, to warn him against over-indulgence, to enlighten him as to the effects of impure foods and harmful drugs, and to protect him against the elements, would be an effective supplement to the diligent enforcement of the sanitary code, in making for good health and long living. And yet, upon the plea of economy, a highly intelligent and useful body of our fellow-citizens recently contended that the functions of the Department of Health should be limited to the mere enforcement of health ordinances.

It is gratifying to note that the Health Department has done efficient work along the lines above indicated; as, for example, in setting apart a week in the year for the thorough cleaning of cellars, and enjoining upon citizens the wisdom of its performance; issuing bulletins on the subject of proper diet; suggesting means for avoiding infectious diseases and colds, and warning against the use of certain patent medicines, etc. To this department, rather than to the Public Service Commission, rightfully belongs the sanitary regulation, as distinguished from that of efficiency, of the subway, street and elevated railways. The condition of cars, their heating and ventilation, and their freedom from over-crowding, clearly enter into the consideration of the health of the citizen. Here the citizen is at the mercy of the railroads, and no amount of teaching will avoid the inroads upon his health by the abuses of over-heating, over-crowding and bad air.

The dwelling, the street, the workshop, the playground, the school, the temple of worship, the citizen's food or medicine, in

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a word the citizen at home or about, should have the unceasing and vigilant care of the Health Department.

For the above reason, the functions of the Health Department where they come into conflict with those of any other department should have precedence.

Whilst in recent years many reforms have been inaugurated to guard the health and safety of the citizen, in the home, in the place of work, against impure food and medicine, against disease, and in other respects, yet it is to be noted that municipalities still are following obsolete and primitive methods in the care of their streets. Even here, too, are occasional evidences that the citizen has been "taught." We find, for example, that he is separating the garbage; but still as of old the citizen upon the street is forced to receive the stench into his nostrils and the ashes upon his clothes as the garbage-man empties the receptacles into the ash-cart.

Then there is the habit of expectoration upon our streets. We invite the reader's attention to the condition of the sidewalks of our principal streets where the traffic is greatest, streets like Fourteenth Street and Twenty-third Street, for example, at about nine o'clock in the morning. If there is anything at all in the theory of germ-carrying sputum, it makes one's breath come and go quickly to think of the diseases that lie in wait for the easy victim, upon our sidewalks. The habit is both unsanitary and filthy, and should be suppressed. Why has not an ordinance been passed, or enforced, forbidding expectoration upon our public streets? We have such an ordinance forbidding the practice in our public conveyances. The argument is advanced that such prohibition as applied to public streets is impracticable, and impossible of enforcement. The writer remembers similar protests when it was sought to enforce the ordinance as applied to public conveyances; and it is not difficult to recall to memory the very filthy floors of street and elevated railroad cars, prior to its enforcement, as evidence of the extent of the habit. Ordinances forbidding expectoration upon public streets are in force in at least a number of the smaller cities of the West, and have been rigidly enforced. It is sad to note that this habit is almost wholly confined to the male sex; and the fact that women are

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free from it is a cogent argument against the claim of impracticability of such an ordinance. It is a habit that can be controlled, and furnishes a new illustration of what might be accomplished by a campaign of education.

Another of the bad civic habits of the citizen in our streets that calls for reform is the manner and times of sidewalk sweeping. This habit, however, has its play only during the hours of the morning, usually between eight and nine o'clock. It is then that the store-boy or housekeeper appears with the broom. A walk through Fifth Avenue or Broadway below Central Park, for example, becomes a tango or one-step, in the effort to evade the germ-laden dust stirred up by the knight of the broom. Here, too, the manner and means of dust removal are primitive and antiquated. The use of the broom does not remove the dirt—it simply shifts it. It takes it up at one place and deposits it at another. The shop-keeper and housekeeper should be taken in hand and compelled, if not persuaded, to adopt and use for sidewalk cleaning one of the numerous devices in vogue that act as retainers as well as removers of dirt.

All of us who live in the big city know the meaning of noise nuisances in our streets. Their name is legion. It is probably difficult to prevent altogether the tooting of auto horns, the clanging of speeding fire-engines, or the penetrating grinding noises of the electric street-car. The offence is not so much in the use as it is in the abuse of these noise-making machines. Their operators have not been taught or compelled to differentiate. The citizen who is so unfortunate as to have his habitat at or near a main thoroughfare or in thickly populated sections of the city has a right to demand that his hours of sleep be uninterrupted. We are only beginning to realize that human nerves are entitled to some consideration in the crusade for health conservation. The poor are the greatest sufferers from this nuisance; they are not in a position to pick their neighborhood.

All noise-making devices for giving alarm or caution in use in a city should be under municipal control or regulation. Proper consideration should be given to the time and place of their uses. Fire-engines and automobiles, for instance, should not be permitted during the early hours of the morning in places where

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there is little traffic to clang their bells and toot their horns to an extent where they arouse the entire neighborhood through which they happen to pass. The tone or sound should be regulated. Alarm-giving devices can easily be found that do not jar upon the nerves, and at the same time give forth warnings that exact attention.

But the real danger menacing the safety of the citizen in the streets to-day is the automobile. It seems on the increase, in spite of all the precautions that have been taken since the adoption of this vehicle as the popular means of locomotion. It has reached a point where one is fearful to have one's children or aged kin cross the streets without an attendant. Even the able-bodied, the alert and vigilant can point to an experience where he narrowly escaped being run down or injured through the recklessness of the driver. It is out of the question now safely to cross the street, even at a point in the middle of the block, upon our principal thoroughfares.

The remedy lies chiefly in the education of the driver citizen, be he owner of the car or his employee. There is something about the seat behind the wheel that makes its occupant daring and venturesome. In the words of one of our police magistrates, a man ceases to be a model and law-abiding citizen when he begins to drive an automobile. That is perhaps an exaggeration; such a citizen, however, is probably just as indignant out of the car as he is indifferent behind the wheel, over speed violations and reckless driving.

The citizen is at the mercy of these street engines, manipulated by many who are deficient in legal and moral understanding. In the eyes of the average chauffeur, the citizen has no rights in the roadway. It may be that he gets this conception of the status of the citizen in the street from the customs or laws of some of our foreign cities, where the pedestrian rather than the driver is fined for coming into collision with the vehicle. Some years ago laws were passed which had for their object the raising of the standard of intelligence of automobile drivers, by requiring a preliminary examination of an applicant for a license to drive a car. The technical knowledge thus required should be supplemented by a test of moral fitness as well. A driver repeat-

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edly guilty of reckless driving should not be entitled to a renewal of his license.

Undoubtedly much can be done for the safety of the citizen, by educating him as well as the driver as to the correct meaning of a uniform code of signals in use by members of the police traffic squad stationed at the street crossings. That this is not the case at present is well illustrated by a signal that is very commonly misunderstood or violated. Waiting vehicles are often given the signal to cross when the pedestrian is in or near the middle of the crossing. The point is, should the vehicle or vehicles that have been signalled wait until the pedestrian is out of the way, or should the traffic officer have given the signal before the citizen stepped off the curb or after he reached the opposite curb of the crossing? The fact is, many vehicles now start immediately upon the giving of the signal regardless of who is in the way, and the citizen has to run for his dear life.

It is to be noted with commendation that the creation of isles of safety in the middle of our thoroughfares is agitated. These are in use in Paris, London and other foreign cities, and have been found by citizens to be all that their name implies.

Another important regulation now before the authorities for adoption calls for the mailing of a card to the owner of the automobile whenever the driver has been guilty of a violation. The drastic measure of arrest is not always justifiable. By the proposed regulation the authorities, through a card index, will ultimately be given a line on every driver who has repeatedly transgressed the rules of the department. And citizens should be enlightened and encouraged to file these complaints. The tendency of legislation is to make the owner of the car accountable for the dereliction of the driver. Laws have been passed, and decisions rendered, in other States making also the owner of the machine liable for injuries committed by the chauffeur.

In the recital of all of the above municipal delinquencies, the writer has had principally in view the making of New York City a city immaculate—a centre of health and safety. Limit of space forbids extending this discussion into realms affecting the mental, moral or religious welfare of the citizen. The city has already laid the foundation for claims of excellence as a centre of art,

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literature and science. In morals, much may be written to elevate the citizen; but in this respect he is more sinned against than sinning. The term is relative, and yields especially when applied to a cosmopolite. In a *Weltstadt* the restraint upon a citizen's morals and religion should be least and best; the axiom "the least governed, the best governed" finds ready application here.

But these are not the pets of the populace. Arts, literature, science, morals and religion, do not immediately interest the *bourgeois*. A quicker and surer road to the creation of civic pride lies through the vales of self-preservation; because the appeal is universal, its character novel. There is no great international centre to-day that can boast of sanitary pre-eminence. Make New York City a model of cleanliness and safety, and we shall have no difficulty in inculcating into every man, woman and child in it a high sense of civic self-esteem.

Here lies before us a great work for humanity. A campaign of education, rather than of law-making, in this field promises results far-reaching. Though the latter cannot entirely be dispensed with, the former should be the vanguard. It has the merit of economy and practicability. Under our city charter the ordinances enacted by the Board of Health are given the effect of an act of the legislature, provided they are kept within the proper limits of the exercise of the police power. As is apparent, such a power must be exercised with prudence and caution. Many are the measures that suggest useful advantages and reforms, yet cannot be adopted because of their legal or constitutional infirmities. We see them in force in European countries, and cannot understand why we are so far backward as to be without them. A campaign of education would remove the abuses that call for such legislation. Our scheme may seem Utopian, but when comparison is made between the sanitary conditions in this city of fifty years ago and those of the present day, our ideas will appear to be both reasonable and practicable.

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MOTHER

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

THOUGH through the pain of many months you held me
A mystery beneath your girlish heart,
Though on your quiet breast my first tears fell
And there my first vague thoughts were weakly voiced,
Though with a guiding touch you sent me out
From your reluctant arms into the world,
Though all your love went after me in prayers,
Though you made dreams around my boyish face—
O Mother, this is pain to you and me—
We are but little more than strangers now!
But little more than strangers, yet I feel
A loneliness and longing for your arms;
Could I but come again and be a child,
Hear you in low voice call that secret name
You gave me for my locks of yellow hair;
Could I reach out once more with little hands
And find you near me in the silent night—
O Mother, I would not be sad as now,
Nor would you gaze so wistful at the young!
For we had understood each other then.
But time has torn me from your lovely breast
And I have wandered far, O Mother, far
From that sweet nursery of your peaceful arms;
Life told a different story to my heart
And now I speak a language strange to you.

Yet no—I would not, Mother, if I could,
Come back and be again that little child!
Though there is pain in me and loneliness,
Though there are tears behind your quiet eyes,
I must be now about my spirit's work.
O Mother, this is bitter truth to me—
We are but little more than strangers now!

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MODERN MEDICAL "SCIENCE" *

HELEN S. GRAY

II

ONE of the latest absurdities promulgated by the regular school of medicine is that healthy people are sometimes a menace to the community! It is known and admitted that persons may have the germs of diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc., within their bodies without having those diseases. So the healthy disease-carrier theory was advanced, that, though the germs have not caused the person harboring them to have certain diseases, their presence in him can and does cause them in others! And now doctors are arrogating to themselves the right of searching our bodies for contraband germs.

Typhoid carriers, as explained in Public Health Report No. 11, March 17, 1911, Vol. 26, are persons who are coming down with typhoid fever, or who have recovered from it, but who continue to eliminate typhoid bacilli, and paradoxical carriers, those who have never had symptoms of typhoid fever but who eliminate bacilli for an indefinite period.

The report tells of a carrier who had had typhoid fever forty years before, to whom were attributed four cases, and of a baker's wife who had had it some years before, to whom were attributed three cases. Two of these, perhaps all three, had boarded with her. A strange coincidence was noticed: practically all of the apprentices who came to the bakery to work became afflicted with some gastro-intestinal disturbance soon after they began working there. Anyone who consumes a good deal of bakery stuff is in line for gastro-intestinal troubles; but the doctors named the carrier, not the diet, as the cause of the typhoid cases that developed.

In Hanford, California, an old woman, Mrs. X, who, so far as she knew, had never had typhoid fever herself, was held responsible after many bacteriological pyrotechnics—Widal reac-

* The first article appeared in the May number.

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tions, "cultural and serological tests," etc., for an outbreak of 93 cases of what was pronounced to be typhoid fever, following a church dinner. Mary Mallon, a cook, was confined about two and one-half years on North Brother Island, charged with being a typhoid carrier, and passengers on incoming vessels are sometimes detained until the health officers have made a bacteriological examination to see if there are any cholera carriers on board. Detaining people in quarantine and subjecting them to various forms of treatment on the ground that they are healthy disease carriers is a form of witchcraft persecution. In New York State a law was recently passed by which magistrates on complaint of a health officer may commit a healthy disease carrier to a hospital or similar institution.

THE OPERATION SUPERSTITION

The operation superstition consists in believing that operations cure diseases. "They remove effects, not causes" (Tilden). Some physicians who can and do cure patients of gall-stones, appendicitis, tumors, etc., without operating declare that 90 per cent. of the operations performed are unnecessary. When pleas are made for endowments for post-graduate medical colleges or a convention of surgeons is held, admission is usually made of the needless, wanton, mutilating operations that are performed by inexperienced, incompetent medical men.

Sometimes professional zeal, sometimes ignorance, or the prospect of a big fee, leads surgeons to operate. Often they are conscientious in the matter: they have been taught that operating is the proper form of treatment for certain diseases and know no other way. The extent to which doctors are sincere in their belief in the efficacy of operations, serums, vaccines, etc., is shown when they resort to these measures when sick themselves.

In surgery as in medicine there is straining for notoriety on the part of many doctors, and surgical pyrotechnics are resorted to. For instance, a Philadelphia surgeon sliced twelve pounds from the abdomen of a fat woman. Two other Philadelphia surgeons bored some holes in the skull of a man suffering from paresis and injected a preparation of salvarsan, "and for the

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first time in this country those germs were attacked at the seat of the disease"—but the patient died. The game of sliced animals, as it has been called,—transplanting organs from one animal to another of a different species—is a favorite with some surgeons, though the leaders in the profession are agreed that such transplantations are never successful. Notwithstanding, a dispatch to a western paper gravely relates that "A remarkable operation has just been performed with great success on an imbecile child by Professor Erwin Payr, director of the surgical clinic attached to Leipzig University. The professor planted a piece of the thyroid gland taken from a healthy child born of a healthy mother into the liver of an imbecile child, who immediately afterward began to improve in intelligence, which steadily increased until a complete cure was effected." What do you think of that for a triumph of modern surgery!

THE DRUG SUPERSTITION

By the common practice of prescribing drugs the medical profession has taught people to believe that drugs cure disease and to resort to the use of them instead of correcting their habits of living. But, if drugs cure disease, why does any one die except of old age? is a question propounded by Charles E. Kitching. "Drugs relieve pain and suppress symptoms." For instance, antikamnia prescribed for a headache stops the pain: it keeps the nerves from reporting wrong conditions; but the causes that produced the headache are left unchanged and subsequently either cause another or an equivalent trouble in some other part of the body. People who take drugs often acquire either a drug habit, such as the cocaine or morphine habit, or some other drug disease; for instance, from taking arsenic or mercury. In other words, drugs make two troubles grow where there was one before.

That the medical profession is doing more to spread the drug habit among the American people than any other agency was the indictment made by Dr. L. F. Kebler, Chief of the Drug Division, Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, in an address before the forty-second annual meeting of the Ameri-

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can Society for the Study of Alcohol and Other Narcotics. An acquaintance of mine who has been subject to "sick headaches" for years was advised by a New York doctor to take an opiate every night for a year to make her sleep. A considerable number of the medical profession are addicted to the use of habit-forming drugs. In an investigation conducted by Dr. Kebler the replies received from a number of sanitariums that receive and treat drug habitués showed that about 35 per cent. of their patients were doctors. The question, "In your experience what occupations have furnished the largest quota of drug habitués?" was answered by 110 of the 151 doctors to whom inquiries were addressed. The medical profession headed the list, with pharmacy second.*

Charles B. Towns, who for years has made a special study of drug habits and who is the author of the law recently enacted by the New York legislature to restrict still further the sale and use of habit-forming drugs, says:

"For various reasons habit-forming drugs have found a stronger foothold in this country than elsewhere in the world. Our annual consumption of opium, per capita, is far greater than that of China, although we use it principally in the form of its derivatives, morphine, etc.; and our consumption of cocaine has grown to a magnitude unprecedented anywhere.

"Heroin, a derivative of morphine, was first advertised about fifteen years ago and accepted by the medical world as a non-habit-forming substance having all the useful qualities of the dangerous habit-forming drugs.

"Our own internal revenue reports show us to be consuming as many of these drugs as all of Europe put together uses."—*The New York Times,* Feb. 22, 1914.

MEANS EMPLOYED TO POPULARIZE THE TEACHINGS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

An aggressive campaign is waged to popularize serums, vaccines, and other newly discovered remedies—to introduce new ones or to foster the continued use of old ones. The first step

* *Monthly Cyclopædia and Medical Bulletin,* Jan., 1911.

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is to give them away. State and local health officers sometimes advertise that they will furnish typhoid fever and smallpox vaccine free, or diphtheria antitoxin, cerebro-spinal-meningitis serum, or rabies virus, or perform the operation free of charge. Congress in 1813 set the precedent by passing an act authorizing the President to appoint a vaccine agent to mail smallpox vaccine free to anyone who should apply for it. The Government now furnishes rabies virus and typhoid vaccine free.

This looks very generous. There is nothing free about it, however. Some one pays for it. Vaccination of the whole population of 100,000,000 against smallpox at an average price of one dollar apiece would amount to $100,000,000, too big a prize to let slip. It is better to give a few "free" vaccinations occasionally than let the goose that lays the golden eggs be killed. One often hears it said that in discovering new cures all the time doctors are taking the bread out of their own mouths. With immunizing remedies being introduced every few months, vaccination for colds, searching out healthy disease-carriers through inspection of school children, employees, passengers, etc., and treating them, and with thorough medical examination of everybody "at least once a year," as is now being advocated by prominent doctors, to be followed, of course, by medical or surgical treatment, if the examiners advise it, I fail to see that doctors are destroying or curtailing their own business. Vaccination and serum treatment of animals is coming into vogue. In France in 1894 nearly 2,000,000 sheep and cattle were inoculated against anthrax. Next we may hear that a corps of State and county officials is going about vaccinating chickens for the pip!

The next step is to make vaccines and serums compulsory on school children, the army and navy, and others. Each time a new serum or vaccine craze starts, the medical profession is so certain that it has an infallible specific that it seeks to make it compulsory. Then in a few years the theory is exploded, and a new one takes its place. These medical theories are fleeting fashions, like bustles and stove-pipe skirts. The latest is removing the gall bladder. Dr. Richard C. Cabot, professor in the Harvard Medical School and author of a standard text-book on diagnosis, in

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his hospital experience had opportunity to verify his diagnoses when patients died and autopsies were held. He published the record, showing that he was correct in only about 50 per cent. of 1,000 cases he had examined. If so eminent a doctor is mistaken so often, how many times must other doctors be who have had very much less training and experience than he? A recent report shows that in Bellevue Hospital about 47 per cent. of the autopsies performed during a certain period of time did not confirm the clinical diagnoses. A favorite tirade with a prominent doctor in Chicago who teaches in one of the medical colleges there is what ignoramuses the smaller-city and village doctors are who come there to study for a few months to get new ideas and methods. Notwithstanding all this, the medical profession fights for compulsory forms of treatment.

As instances of theories once widely indorsed and then thrown on the scrap-heap or that are now tottering and beginning to be repudiated may be mentioned fumigation against infectious diseases, removal of the tonsils and the appendix, and the highly infectious character of tuberculosis. We have been fumigated, lo, these many years—our schools, ships, houses, etc.—at great expense of time, labor, and money. Now fumigation is declared useless, even by some of the leading regulars. In New York City it has been discontinued, except for smallpox, in four boroughs, but retained in Brooklyn for purposes of comparison. It was discarded abroad years ago. If all these years it was ineffectual to stay the spread of infection, then why haven't germs exterminated the whole population, if they are as deadly as they are represented to be?

Removing the tonsils is an operation that has had great vogue, but now a number of leading doctors among the regulars condemn the indiscriminate and wholesale removal of those organs, notably Dr. John N. Mackenzie, Professor of Laryngology and Rhinology in Johns Hopkins University. In an article in *The Maryland Medical Journal,* Sept., 1912, he declares that the functions of the tonsils are unknown and therefore those organs should not be removed, unless absolutely necessary, and enumerates some of the dire results from such operations, including, not infrequently, death. In support of his views he cites the

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opinion of a distinguished surgeon that "of all the surgical insanities within his recollection this onslaught on the tonsils is the worst, not excepting the operation on the appendix."

"As long back as memory can run," he says, "the tonsil was regarded as a perfectly useless appendage, which cumbered the throat and which therefore ought to be gotten rid of. . . . It was sacrificed on every possible pretext or when the surgeon did not know what else to do. . . . But never in the history of medicine has the lust for operation on the tonsils been as passionate as it is at the present time. It is not simply the surgical thirst from which we have all suffered in our earlier days, just as at a still earlier period we suffered from the measles; it is a mania, a madness, an obsession. . . .

"When preëminent authority proclaims in lecture-room and text-book as indisputable truth the relationship between a host of diseases and the tonsil of the child and advises the removal of the glands as a routine method of procedure, what can we expect of the student whose mind is thus poisoned at the very fountain-head of his medical education by ephemeral theory that masquerades so cheerily in the garb of indestructible fact? . . .

"This operation (tonsillectomy) is done all over the land by operators of all kinds, and, if the truth were known, with great mortality. The amount of reckless surgery done in this field will never be known or chronicled in the pages of medical literature, but it may be found in its abiding place in the book of the recording angel. . . .

"We are going through to-day in laryngology what the gynecologist went through years ago. The ovaries were removed then under as little provocation as the tonsils are being taken out to-day. . . . This senseless, ruthless destruction of the tonsil is often so far-reaching and enduring in its evil results that it is becoming each day a greater menace to the public good."

For a long time many doctors thought the appendix useless, and some surgeons even advocated its removal in early childhood to avoid the risk of appendicitis later in life. I know an instance in which a prominent surgeon removed the appendix from five or six members of a wealthy family to ensure them from ever having an attack. Now the craze for removing it has begun

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to subside a little. A number of leading surgeons among the regulars have joined the ranks of those who all along maintained that the appendix performs useful functions and that removing it is unnecessary, at least in uncomplicated cases, and harmful.

For years we have had dinned into our ears the frightful danger of infection from a person with tuberculosis. "The best authorities tell us that the germs can be exuded in the patient's perspiration and may be conveyed to another in a handshake" (*Morning Oregonian*). As a result of such teachings, people afflicted with the disease are shunned like lepers and usually refused employment. In consequence some die of discouragement and others commit suicide. Now an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association,* Jan. 3, 1914, quotes approvingly a doctor who had said: "'Adults are very little endangered by close contact with open tuberculosis and not at all in ordinary association. . . . It is time for a reaction against the extreme ideas of infection now prevailing.' The statement which we have quoted represents, not one man's views, but what seems to be the growing conviction of many of the most progressive and thoughtful students of tuberculosis at the present time." Dr. J. W. Hodge goes still further and declares tuberculosis is no more infectious than corns! Dr. Thomas J. Mays, of Philadelphia, a member of the regular school of medicine, declares that "the evidence on which the whole structure of the contagiousness of tuberculosis rests is so frail that it would be scorned by any impartial jury of even ordinary intelligence."

Other sciences, geology, astronomy, chemistry, etc., do not seek to compel by legislative enactment the acceptance of their doctrines. It is only medical science that seeks compulsion. For centuries in European countries the State sought to compel universal acceptance of whatever religion it selected. It assumed that people could not be trusted to select their own and tried to coerce belief and persecuted those who refused submission. Hundreds of thousands were killed in the attempt to enforce uniformity. The persecutors felt very self-righteous. They justified their conduct as actuated by the highest motives—the public welfare—to save heretics from everlasting damnation. To-day the same sort of conflict is being waged by the American Med-

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ical Association in behalf of State medicine under the guise of the public welfare.

What Benjamin Franklin said of State religion applies equally to State medicine: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it does not support itself and God does not take care to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, 'tis a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one." Thomas Jefferson expressed himself in like manner on the same subject: "Truth can stand by itself. It is error alone that needs the support of Government."

The medico-political wing of the American Medical Association is constantly seeking more power. It wants "the club of the law," to "dictate in power," "untrammelled in the exercise of authority." Between 800 and 900 public health measures were reported as introduced into the State legislatures during the winter of 1912-1913, and "there were probably many more which were overlooked, perhaps 1,000 in all." *

For a number of years the American Medical Association has carried on a vigorous campaign to obtain the power and prestige of a national department of health. The scheme has met with much opposition, for one reason because such a department would be dominated by the allopaths, just as the Government service always has been. There are about 7,000 doctors in the federal health service, and all but about half-a-dozen belong to the regular school.

A bill was introduced into Congress some months ago, providing that the literature issued by boards of health be sent through the mails free of postage, thus enabling health boards to foist their pet theories more extensively on the public!

As instances of what sort of medical misinformation health officials disseminate may be cited the following: Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, who is at the head of the Government public health service, issued a warning against the use in restaurants of the open bowl containing squares of sugar as a menace to health

* *The Survey*, Sept. 27, 1913, article by Frederick R. Green, M.D., Secretary of the Council on Health and Public Instruction of the American Medical Association.

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and urged that the proprietors compel patrons to remove the sugar with tongs. "Persons with tuberculosis and other contagious diseases," said he, "are liable to transmit their maladies to others when putting their fingers into the bowl." During the summer of 1912 in Portland, Oregon, at the instigation of the board of health, cats as well as dogs had to be muzzled or leashed whenever they ventured forth out of doors. City Health Officer Wheeler of the same place warned the public through the local press that "the character of the cases of smallpox that we are having at present is more severe and is gradually assuming the malignant type, and I think within the next year the smallpox cases generally over the North-west will assume that frightfully malignant type that we had in former years, and I cannot too strongly urge the people who are unprotected by vaccination to get vaccinated and thereby protect themselves as far as possible." Health Commissioner Goldwater of New York City gave a statement to the newspapers that "every person in New York who has not been vaccinated for smallpox or who was vaccinated more than seven years ago should be inoculated at once" and that he was "having printed for immediate distribution 800,000 circulars, which will warn those in need of vaccination not to delay it."

In one way or another the medical profession has enlisted the help of the press in its campaign of popularizing its teachings. Just as in Italy, where, by the way, a State quinine law was passed in 1902, the use of quinine was helped along by making it into chocolate candy, so the doctors put their teachings before the public in simple, non-technical language or in story form, like Sunday school chalk talks. For several years the American Medical Association has prepared and sent out a weekly bulletin to the newspapers of the country. Many magazines and newspapers give up a great deal of space to articles on the achievements of medical science. Many editors sincerely believe modern medical doctrines and write indorsing them. Many of the big newspapers and women's magazines have an M.D. on the staff to conduct a department and answer questions. Dazzling discoveries are heralded with a great blare of trumpets, and still more wonderful discoveries than have already been

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made are confidently predicted. But doctors often have to hold their jubilees before they have perfected their discoveries, as it often turns out to be an autopsy or a wake that they are called upon to attend. Many of them strain to have some startling discovery ready for publication, especially if they are in charge of an endowed institution, to make the donor feel that the investment is paying dividends. Thus wide publicity is often given to half-baked theories. The following is a sample. It is entitled, *Physician Hopes to Rob Typhoid of Its Terrors.*

"A new treatment of typhoid fever, based on the injection of a serum drawn from typhoid convalescents, was announced here to-day by Dr. George R. Carson of the Southern Pacific Hospital at the annual convention of Pacific coast railway surgeons.

"'Now that prophylactic vaccination against typhoid has been proved successful,' said Dr. Carson, 'next must follow some curative agent, vaccine, serum, chemical combination, or what not, which shall rob typhoid of its terrors, its third week of complication, its prolonged, exhausting fever, and its sequels. I feel that we are now on the threshold of its discovery and that we shall soon be able to abort typhoid.'

"Typical typhoid cannot be produced among animals, Dr. Carson explained; hence his recourse to the blood of convalescents who have acquired immunity by their victory over the disease.

"'Up to the present time I have used the serum on only four cases, and it is too early to draw any definite conclusions. However, I must say that I have felt rather pleased and encouraged. The serum treatment seems to abort the disease. A severe case is rendered mild.'

"Dr. Carson's discovery was made possible by an endowment of $60,000 given by Mrs. E. H. Harriman, wife of the late railroad magnate, for research purposes."—*The Morning Oregonian,* Oct. 25, 1913.

This remedy robs Peter to pay Paul. A method of treatment for typhoid fever, some of the principal features of which are refraining from drugging and feeding the patient, accomplishes all that Dr. Carson is seeking, and was discovered years

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ago. Those doctors who use it abort the disease to two weeks and in light attacks to seven or eight days.

The result of this constant iteration in the press of the glories of modern medical science and the frightful danger of infection and contagion is that, if anyone has the temerity to disavow a belief in them, by many people he is regarded as a fool or crazy. Another result is that the public is kept in a state of alarm, at intervals fanned into a panic. For instance, Dr. Charles A. Ballard declared that the Pacific coast cities are "on a volcano and, being so situated, may be visited by bubonic plague." The volcano is liable to erupt any minute, if the health officers relax their vigilance in sitting on the lid!

Another result is that, led to think that "with the aid of money and philanthropic enthusiasm the millennium is at hand, multi-millionaires become affected with the prevalent mania and give a million from time to time, which often serves to perpetuate error. For instance, $1,000,000 was offered to Dr. Friedmann, if his remedy should prove successful. Nathan Straus established a Pasteur Antihydrophobia Institute in Palestine. J. D. Rockefeller gave $1,000,000 to the foozle enterprize of exterminating hookworm by means of thymol. He has recently given $1,000,000 to the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research for the study of animal diseases. His gifts to that institution now total more than $12,500,000. During 1913 gifts to medical institutions totalled about $13,500,000.

Along with sounding their own praises the regulars have not neglected denouncing as quacks and vilifying in the press the members of other schools—the homœopaths, osteopaths, naturopaths, eclectics, and chiropractors, to prejudice the public against them.

The doctrines of the regular school of medicine in regard to the germ theory, contagion and infection, diphtheria antitoxin, vaccination, etc., have been inserted in text-books of hygiene used in the public schools, at least in some States. The one used in the public schools of New York City contains among its illustrations pictures of seven different kinds of germs, including the germs of hog cholera and Asiatic cholera. Next in order will be a kindergarten course on germs. Lecturers are sent out through

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the country to spread medical gospel by means of addresses before women's clubs, granges, farmers' institutes, W. C. T. U.'s, churches, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, normal and college students and teachers, and in settlements and factories.

In spite of all these marvellous discoveries and the wide publicity given to them, the annual amount of sickness and loss of life from preventable diseases is appalling. The political doctors attribute the blame to their not having power enough to enforce their edicts; the opposition, to the wrong methods employed in seeking cures and immunization through serums, vaccines, drugs, and unnecessary surgery.

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ON DOING GOOD

MAY TOMLINSON

THOREAU declares, in his whimsical way, "If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life." And Thoreau, I think, was not exceptional in his attitude toward the professional philanthropist. An imposed moral atmosphere is as distasteful as the forced mirth of prearranged jokes. We would have our moral as well as our social elation a spontaneous efflux.

Conscious of this natural unwillingness to receive philanthropic attentions, I cannot but wonder at the proselytizing zeal of those who go to far countries to present a new faith to an ancient people, an effort which results chiefly—if Kipling's observations can be credited—in the dissemination of a few accomplishments, such as the ability to speak a little English and the attempt to play a few tinkling tunes on the piano. I have known more than one of these noble, self-sacrificing devotees of the missionary cause, and still I wonder at their hardihood and their unquestioning faith in the worth-whileness of their mission. I fancy that in this foreign missionary enterprise, as in our own settlement work, when any real and permanent good is effected, it is brought about more by the power of example than by any conscious effort.

If we consider a little, we discover that the persons who stand out in the memory as the embodiment of all beneficence are not those who regard themselves as humanitarians or talk largely of their work, even though they may belong to the doing-good professions. I have in mind two of these benefactors. The first was a minister, come of a long line of ecclesiastics, and to the manner born. He was not a trained theologian, nor distinguished in any way for book-learning. Indeed, his scholastic advantages had been few. He was endowed, however, with some natural gifts,—eloquence, dignity of bearing, beauty of physiognomy, personal magnetism. He possessed, moreover, that wisdom of humanity of which Emerson speaks. He was one

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of the Doctor Lavenders of his profession, a species of churchman fast disappearing. Famous neither for the depth and polish of his discourses nor for the strenuousness of his labors, he was a power nevertheless. It was the life that he lived, his daily walk among his people, the example of calm, frugal, honest, upright, kindly living, that told. His charges were for the most part country parishes and his knowledge of farming was considerable. He always cultivated a garden, which flourished beyond those of his neighbors. His thrifty husbandry and his love of angling lessened no man's respect for him. His good sound sense and sturdy independence, his shrewd understanding of idiosyncrasies and clear discernment of motives, made him both a wise counsellor and a just censor. His rebuke was often administered with a not-ineffective touch of wit or humor. Men loved to have him come among them. Housewives vied with one another for the honor of entertaining him. Always his presence lent a charm. Plainly, his power was not in what he did, but in what he was—in the dignity, purity, strength, and sweetness of his manhood.

My second example of beautiful, beneficent living I find in the life of a country doctor, whose services were rendered impartially to rich and poor, young and old, black and white, worthy and worthless. His one thought was to preserve life and alleviate suffering. Early and late, through heat and cold, sunshine and storm, he went his daily rounds, often returning from a ten-mile drive in one direction to be summoned to a patient living as far away in the opposite direction or perhaps as many miles back along the very road over which he had just come; not seldom getting to bed at midnight to be called out before daylight; sometimes battling with the elements, taking down fences and driving across fields to avoid impassable snowdrifts, leading his horse over frozen streams by spreading the buffalo robe for the safe tread of the animal's smooth-shod feet; considering no obstacle unsurmountable in his determination to get to a sick man's bedside. But to him there was nothing heroic in all this; he looked upon it only as a faithful performance of professional duties, a part of the day's work. Exposure, discomfort, weariness, loss of sleep, physical and mental strain, almost

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a giving of one's life-blood,—it was all willing service, and service rendered with little thought of reward. And the gentle spirit with which it was done, the manly tenderness, the patience, the sympathy—'twas wonderful! Can we estimate the value of such a life? Hardly.

Then, I think we can count as a benefactor the woman who keeps house tranquilly, exquisitely, and economically; provides well-planned, well-prepared, well-served meals; cares for two or more children, neglecting neither body, mind, morals, nor manners. To do all this, keeping oneself fresh and unjaded the while, means no inconsiderable array of talents and no small degree of physical endurance. I marvel how one frail woman can accomplish the feat, even with the aid of efficient servants. With hand, heart and mind so occupied, a woman has no need to go about in search of ways of doing good. All concern as to the destiny of the human race she can leave to the Mrs. Jellybys.

And yet we hear of restlessness among mothers of school-going children; we are told that, in their home tasks and maternal cares,—the study to provide comfort and nourishment at a minimum expense, the achievement of keeping a house in perfect cleanliness, the endeavor to effect a smooth running of the household machinery and to fulfil the requirements of capable motherhood,—women do not find adequate employment for their faculties (or, if they do, they should not); we even read of the return of housewives and mothers to a business life as a relief from ennui. Another favorite theme among writers for the household journals is the inspiriting, through club membership and club attendance, of the elderly woman made dull by a diminution of home interests and home duties. Now, club membership may be a good thing, and interest in municipal affairs, the paving of streets and the hygienic condition of back-yards, may be most commendable; yet I cannot help wondering what the soul poverty must be of the woman obliged to resort to such activities in order to escape dulness.

There is need, I suppose, of organization; but surely we are organized to death. The devil himself was the first organizer, was he not? Did he not organize a revolt in Heaven? And a very appropriate occupation it was for him, affording

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full scope for the exercise of his genius. Since then, both military and religious organizations have been a necessity. But too often in systematized effort the end is lost sight of in the elaborateness of the means. There is in this very complexity a fascination for minds of a certain order. Zealous humanitarians talk glibly of their various *Departments of Work*. They hold forth until one feels inclined to ask, "Well, but what is being accomplished by all this machinery?" To the onlooker, so much talk, such constant attendance at meetings, meetings, meetings, seems a grand waste of time. I cannot help feeling that, in the giving of alms, as in every kind of helpfulness, organization should be reduced to a minimum. So far as possible, we should come into personal touch with those we would help. It is the direct service that brings a reflex benefit, though some persons seem able to derive a sense of service from the task, say, of counting out leaflets. But what a stretch of the imagination it must take!

Doubtless, the need of organized aid would be greatly lessened by a closer study of the causes of poverty and vice, and a more judicious application of the ounce of prevention that is more powerful than the pound of cure. There is, however, one institution for the betterment of mankind the effectiveness of which will be more and more generally recognized. I refer to the Settlement. This endeavor to set, in the midst of poverty, degradation, and filth, an example of beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living seems to me most worthy of praise. The movement is at once practical and ideal. It is brotherly love, it is enlightenment, encouragement, inspiration, restoration.

The settlement workers, in their unconscious helpfulness, resemble that class of benefactors who render passive service, those patient bearers of pain and weakness and the trial of enforced inactivity, helpers who serve without knowing it; for to endure with patience and sweetness is a kind of service, surely, perchance the very highest. Who has not been made ashamed of his own fretfulness in the serene presence of some helpless invalid? Deprived of much, these afflicted ones possess sources of consolation and contentment unknown to persons able to go about. They exhibit to us the beneficent law of compensation.

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Still another force to be counted among the potent influences for good is the unconscious power of the charming woman. Graceful, gracious, deep-souled, serene, this queen of women is quite a different type from the over-energetic, dominant, assertive, speechifying creature. She is often a lady of leisure, *doing* absolutely nothing, but her very presence is efficacious. Spend but a few moments in her company and life seems to take on a new value.

But sweetest of all beneficence is the blessed influence of children. At the very sight of child-loveliness our hearts swell with love and gratitude. The presence of a child is a restraining, enlivening, softening, relaxing influence; it makes for spiritual flexibility—preserves us from every kind of rigidity. But for the helplessness of infancy, the feebleness of age, and the presence of pain and weakness, man's capacity for burden-bearing and the virtue of self-forgetfulness would have little chance of development.

So there are forces at work, and good is being wrought quite independently of any human intent. The silent forces are ever the most productive. Bustle and commotion are disturbing. The endeavor to achieve is admirable; but it is the result, the finished product, that delights the beholder, not the effort or the process. The perfect poem pleases us beyond measure; the first rough draft would only puzzle and weary us. We usher our guest into the swept and garnished house; we do not annoy him with the sight of broom, brush, and mop. Why is it that in our humanitarianism alone we proceed with so much ado, so much clatter, so much lobbying, so much parading, haranguing, flaunting of banners, and blowing of trumpets? 'Twould be somewhat of a surprise, were the power of the What Is a thing that could be weighed in the balance, to find all the philanthropic activity of the world outbalanced by that *goodness which is a constant superfluity,* as Thoreau puts it.

William Morris, in his *News from Nowhere,* pictures a civilization advanced beyond the need of any form of civil government. This is romance, of course, a dream. But is it a dream entirely beyond the possibility of realization? Certainly, as man becomes more and more truly educated, that is to say, as man's

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education becomes more and more an outdrawing of the absolute being, the present-day system of organization will gradually fall into disuse. The church itself may then become obsolete. Each man's heart will be a shrine. The spirit of prayer will be all-pervading. And yet, the question arises, does the inner nature of man ever really undergo change? Is development always soul growth? Is it not sometimes, as George Eliot suggests, degeneration? And what hope is there of regeneration? Does it not begin in a willingness to let the Over-Soul shine through?

NEW LOVE IN A STREET CAR

WALTER FERRIS

SUCH stolid faces! Do folk sit and stare
Thus always, heavy-eyed?
These women have known love!
Have passed beyond the portals of love's house
And dwelt within, where many things are known,
Yet sit here prim and dull, with no least gleam
Of all the mysteries that love has taught
To give a little radiance to their eyes!

If I had passed that strange, sweet gate, and known
Love's intimate nights and days,
And all the sacred beauties of his house,
Would not my eyes be full of secret lights,
And my lips curve with little lurking smiles,
Remembering dear caresses?
Would not my very presence breathe a sense
Of warmth and splendor? . . .
Or should I sit here dull and heavy-eyed?

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THE POETS RETURN

HORACE HOLLEY

SOMEWHAT more than a generation ago, when modern industrialism began to define our social life with a new and unexpected character, the poets gazed upon this strange smoke-belching monster in consternation and fled to the sanctity of the hills. And ever since, from an ideal remoteness, they have been sending back verses of imploration and rebuke, verses idyllic, verses transcendental, verses esoteric and cosmic. Deserted by the singers and intent upon achieving the new world of metallic conquest which lay before us inexorably against the horizon of time, we have received these poems as gifts from another sphere, honoring them with morocco bindings and a place on the top shelf, admired, but alas! unread. Industrialism fell upon poetry like a great rock in a woodland spring, destroying the image reflected so long from its quiet waters. Shelley, Keats, Byron and the Brownings fled to Italy; others who could not escape in the flesh sent forth their imagination to regions even more remote. Poetry has consequently come to mean one thing, daily life another. And while admiring, even revering these poets for their tremendous psychic power, nevertheless when the true lover of creative art looks back and realizes what they stole from daily life, how they diverted vision from reality and made life's obligation and its promise divide into two separate streams, he is compelled to charge them with having committed, all unconsciously, the supreme sin, the sin of Judas Iscariot, the sin of betrayal. They betrayed life into the hands of brutal, unredeeming waste; they betrayed poetry itself into the hands of a vain, sterile ideal.

But this movement away from daily life has now drawn to its term; the impulse has set the other way; one by one the poets are returning, approaching, peering more or less timidly at the grimy but energetic machine, secretly wondering how they may render its throbbing heart-beats in song. Their return is not due to pity for the people they themselves had voluntarily deserted, nor is it due to any summons and capitulation on the part

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of the modern world; of their own accord the poets return, realizing at last that without contact with actual living and being and doing they possess no continued creative power. The fact is, the poets have grown tired of their long-praised affinities, the Muse Parnassian, the Muse of symbol and faery so forlorn, and with a strange unwonted humility they stand now before the housewife's unassuming gate. Nor have they brought with them their beloved speech, the forms and flourishes of tradition: the guardian at the gate has written "Leave all myth behind, ye who enter here"; and in their heart of hearts the poets knew beforehand that this admonition was essential.

Now such humility is significant. It means that the poets confess that the old feudal attitude,—the attitude taking for granted that the poet bears in himself a great gift which, if the world be sufficiently good and obliging, he will condescend to lay down,—was an attitude essentially false. On the contrary, the poet now knows that the gift, if gift there be, lies rather within the world: the poet himself is its recipient. For the creative imagination, like a woman's body, is sterile until fertilized by contact with living forces. The poet is but one loop in the electric current, and though he is the particular loop which represents the filament able to send forth illumination, nevertheless the source of its energy lies in the circuit as a whole. Thus it is for the very stuff and essence of poetry that the poet has been compelled to re-unite himself with the world. A new realism is entering poetry, a realism both of subject and form; or rather the old eternal realism has been restored.

But in this rebirth of poetry there is another element even more significant, the tendency toward spontaneity. All of us were schooled to admire the conscientious craftsman who labored days upon a single word and weeks upon a line. That conception of craft, while admirable with respect to what it actually accomplished, is now realized to be vicious with respect to what it shut out. By spontaneity I do not mean hurried work, as we hurry our lunch on Broadway; I mean the complete absorption of the poet's mind within his subject, absorption to the point where he voluntarily lays down his hold upon the last thread of critical self-consciousness, caught up, body and mind and soul,

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and fused as one instrument obedient to the descending impulse. This condition is by no means new to poetry, though novel to us; it dominated the idea of creation among all races which possessed poetry as a present fact and not merely as an academic ideal. It is a condition manifested only when poets throw themselves boldly within the stream of life. It is even the condition, one may assert, without which the heart of verse receives no vitalizing blood. Thus it was among the old English, Welsh and Scotch, the early Greeks and, most notably of all, among the ancient Hebrews. Not by deliberation but in spontaneity the poet works his true spell, his songs struck from him as sparks from the revolving wheel.

Imagine our own poetry to have begun with Milton, even Shelley; would the term have that universal sanction it bears among us to-day? It would not; it would be as aloof from our daily thoughts as ornithology; for poetry received its indelible impress from being common currency among people in their daily intercourse, in ballad, in song and in drama. Among the Hebrews the poet was also prophet, and we know how time and again the folk raged about their prophets like waves about a ship, imploring him for a more convenient god. And the prophet, surrounded by their tumult, responding to it as the ship responds to the dashing waves, the inmost vision of him set to wild vibration, scourged them with words that seared, with rhythms that stormed the soul. And though among no other race has poetry assumed this religious meaning and influence, nevertheless wherever poetry has asserted itself irresistibly in daily life, it has been allied to the spoken, not the written word; it has been a song, a speech or a cry, never a studied reflection.

It is to recover this long-lost authority that poets are seeking desperately to-day; to be fertilized to spontaneous articulation by contact with immediate and living forces, and hence, as result rather than intention, redeeming the brutality of the time by penetrating events with a poetic soul. All of us are beginning to feel that psychically at least every generation must begin at the very beginning. Institutions may develop from one stage to another through successive generations, but it is impossible for one soul to commence its experience where another has left off.

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Despite the fictitious development given to poetry by schools and libraries, the poet knows, after weary searching and experiment, that the ground lies naked to the plow and that the present will fertilize only the living seeds of its own sowing. Can we add Homer to Shakespeare and produce a greater genius? And if that is the recipe for poets, what acquired culture produced Homer? what Shakespeare? No. It is not the past that we must absorb, but the present. The library can only perpetuate the energies of old groups and past crises at the expense of the actual here and now. The natural term for a poem is how far and how long it can pass, memorized, as sheer excitement, from man to man. Let a poem live only so long as men instinctively give it being within their hearts; and this lest the dead past bear us captive to a lie.

This realization, in its different aspects, is fermenting our thoughts to-day. Be not too critical, therefore, of the young poet who rides up and down the subway, or haunts Wall Street, coal mines and prisons in search of new subjects and new rhythms. He is attempting to cultivate that power of response to immediate energies and events, and that self-forgetfulness, which when developed will discover the Homeric and the Shakespearian in our own midst, or render the ardent psalms of a new dispensation.

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PÉTRUS BOREL

ARTHUR SYMONS

THE name of Pétrus Borel has come to be a laughing-stock to the Philistine, a by-word to the Bourgeois. His nickname, "le lycanthrope," is remembered, but it is forgotten that it was of his own christening. What Gautier said of him as a friend, and Baudelaire as a critic; all that and the fact that he was the chief of a cénacle and "un roi qui s'en allait," all but a few seekers after lost reputations have forgotten. He is a figure fantastic but not grotesque, a defier of order but a slave of letters. He dreamed of conquering the world. He was a dandy, whether with a "gilet à la Robespierre" or naked under a tiger-skin. His whole work, scattered in reviews and journals, and never reprinted, is contained in a novel, a book of short stories, and a book of verse. None of them is accessible, and one, not the least remarkable, exists only in its original edition of 1833, of which I have a copy. No one has ever yet done them entire justice.

Pierre-Joseph Borel de Hauterive was born in Lyons, June 26, 1809, and died at Mostaganem, in Algeria, on July 14, 1859. The events of his life are of no great importance, but his ill luck was continuous. He was set to be an architect, and built a few houses and the once famous Cirque of the Boulevard du Temple. But he preferred the studios of his friends, and was soon penniless. His books brought him no money, he founded newspapers with names such as *Le Satan, L'Ane d'Or,* and he wrote articles, stories and poems wherever he could get them taken; finally, in 1846, through the help of Gautier and Mme. de Girardin, he was appointed Inspector of Colonies at Mostaganem. There he built a house for himself which he called "Haute Pensée." In 1848 he was turned out of his post, and afterwards removed to another. He married, and had a son, Aldéran-André-Pétrus-Benoni; and died in misery in the year 1859.

The "jeune et fatale poète" has described himself under an imaginary name in the preface of one of his books: its exactitude is confirmed by all the portraits painted and the eulogies

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written by his friends. In *L'Artiste,* 1839, is a full length portrait of him in black, carefully dressed, immensely pale, with his hand on a great hound; his melancholy face like a Greco, with closely cut black hair and moustache, dark eyebrows over sombre and hollow eyes. He stands in a tragic landscape, against clouds: an inflexible dreamer.

The two mottoes on the title-page of *Rapsodies* render its character with great exactness. One is chosen from Regnier, one from Malherbe. The former affirms the author to be,

> " Hautain, audacieux, conseiller de lui-même,
> Et d'un cœur obstiné se heurte à ce qu'il aime."

The second, in the name of the book, declares:

> " Vous, dont les censures s'étendent
> Dessus les ouvrages de tous,
> Ce livre se moque de vous."

Nothing more remained to be said, only there is a long preface: the end is fine irony: " Heureusement que pour se consoler de tout cela, il nous reste l'adultère! le tabac de Maryland! et du papel espagnol por cigaritos." He names himself " un loup-cervier." " Mon républicanisme, c'est de la lycanthropie! " The word caught, he recaptured it, and " le lycanthrope " will be found among his titles for himself.

The book begins and ends with an avowal of poverty, and between that beginning and ending what romantic dreams,—what towers, châtelaines, what satisfaction to have only " a tattered cloak, a poignard, and the skies," if one can also " taste one's sorrows in an elegant tea-cup." The sombre Carlovingian manner is there. It is from Hugo already that the romantic properties find their way into these pages, and this sort of antithesis:

> " Enfer! si ta peine est ma peine,
> Qu'en ce moment tu dois souffrir! "

It was in the air, and all the gay and fierce love-songs were what everybody was writing. What is personal comes in, here, for instance, where the vagabond life of Pétrus and his companions is indicated in a single quaint stanza:

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" Chats de coulisse, endévés!
Devant la salle ébahie
Traversant, rideaux levés,
Le théâtre de la vie."

And there is the ceaseless refrain which returns throughout his whole work:

" Naître, souffrir, mourir, c'est tout dans la nature
Ce que l'homme perçoit; car elle est un bouquin
Qu'on ne peut déchiffrer: un manuscrit arabe
Aux mains d'un muletier: hors le titre et le fin
Il n'interprète rien, rien, pas une syllable."

The wolf barks harshly enough, and to little purpose, in the political pieces, but has not yet tasted blood. *Champavert* is hardly anticipated in *Agarite,* the one dainty fragment of dialogue, with its instant of drama. All this, however, is in the interval, and we end with the desperate epilogue: " J'ai faim."

It is curious how many things which Pétrus Borel could not achieve he left as an impetus to others. Few readers probably have paid any heed to the motto, of the fifth *Ariette oubliée* of the *Romances sans Paroles:*

" Son joyeux, importun d'un clavecin sonore."

Verlaine's poem is a miraculous transposition of what Borel only suggests in his poem, which is called *Doléance,* and is a personal lament. But he has taken from it all that he needs; there is, besides the line quoted, the " Parle, que me veux-tu? " which may be discerned in " Que voudrais-tu de moi? " May not " une main frèle " come from:

" Indescret, d'ou viens-tu? Sans doute une main blanche,
Un beau doigt prisonnier
Dans de riches joyaux a frappé sur ton anche
D'ivoire et d'ébenier? "

Of a bitter, personal lament, in which the " clavecin sonore " is a mere starting-point, Verlaine has made a floating, vague, and divine dream of music scarcely heard in a twilight: no more than

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that, but a masterpiece. But to him, as to others, it was Pétrus who had given the first impulse.

Pétrus Borel's best poem is not to be found in the *Rapsodies,* but in the form of a prologue to *Madame Putiphar.* It is filled with a grave and remote phantasy, and in its cold ardor, its romantic equipment, and its naked self under that cloak, it anticipates Baudelaire, and is almost worthy of him. Baudelaire was conscious of its merit, and has defined it as, " un étrange poème, d'une sonorité si éclatante et d'une couleur presque primitive à force d'intensité." The poem is a cavalcade of three adversaries in the soul: the world, a mystic's solitude, and death. The picture of each is given: the first, young, gay in his steel corslet on his caparisoned horse; the second bestrides a bony mule; the third, a hideous gnome, bears at his side a great fish-hook, on which hang nets of unclean creatures. And so, he ends after praising and cursing each in turn, with admiration and hate,

> " Ainsi, depuis long-temps, s'entrechoque et se taille
> Cet infernal trio,—ces trois fiers spadassins:
> Ils ont pris, les méchants, pour leur champ de bataille,
> Mon pauvre cœur, meurtri sous leurs coups assassins,
> Mon pauvre cœur navré, que s'affaisse et se broie,
> Douteur, religieux, fou, mondain, mécréant!
> Quand finira la lutte, et qui m'aura pour proie,—
> Dieu le sait!—du Désert, du Monde ou du Néant? "

In the year 1833 a book of between four and five hundred pages was published in Paris by the firm of Eugène Renduel, under the title: *Champavert. Contes Immoraux, par Pétrus Borel, le Lycanthrope.* The first thirty-eight pages contain a *Notice sur Champavert,* written by the author, and professing that Pétrus Borel was dead, and that his real name had been Champavert. Some of the poems published two years before in the *Rapsodies* are quoted, and some biographical notes, not perhaps imaginary, are given. The rest of the book contains seven stories, named: " Monsieur de l'Argentière, l'Accusateur," " Jaquez Banaon, le Charpentier (La Havane)," " Don Andréa Vésalius, l'Anatominte (Madrid)," " Three Fingered Jack, l'Obi (La Jamaique)," " Dina, la Belle Juive (Lyon)," " Passereau,

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l'Ecolier (Paris)," and " Champavert, le Lycanthrope (Paris)."

Each has a motto, or a series of mottoes, on the fly leaf of its title, mostly from the Bible, and from contemporary poets, Gérard, Gautier, Musset. Each story is divided into a great number of divisions, and every division has its own title, more often in English, Spanish, Latin, or Provençal than in French. These seven stories, though not immoral, as they profess to be, in the defiant manner of the day, are as extraordinary as any production of the human brain. All are studies in horrors and iniquities; above all, in the shedding of blood. Written by anyone else they would be revolting, for they spare no detail of monstrous deeds; they would be pitiless but for their immense self-pity; cruel but for their irony, which is a bitter, personal, and at times magnificent arraignment of things. They are crude, extravagant, built up out of crumbling and far-sought materials; they are deliberately improbable, and the persons who sin and suffer in them are males all brain and females all idols or ideals. They are as far from reality as intention and style can make them; a world of vari-colored puppets swinging on unregulated wires. And yet these violences and crudities and all this digging in graveyards and fumbling in the dead souls of the treacherous and the unforgiving, have something in them or under them, a sincerity, a real hatred of evil and unholy things, which keeps us from turning away, as our first impulse may well be, in mere disgust. A man, suffering from some deadly misery, leaps before us in ironical gymnastics, and comes down with his mortal laugh, a clown, in the arena. That is what makes the book tragic, a buffoon's criticism of life; there is philosophy in it, and an angry pathos.

Can the sense of horror become, to those accustoming themselves to it, a kind of luxury, like drunkenness? In another later book Borel tells us that it can: " Car il y a dans la douleur une volupté mystérieuse dont le malheureux est avide; car la souffrance est savoureuse comme le bonheur." Many great writers have had it, as a small part of their genius; Hugo had it, for instance, together with his passion for the tragically grotesque. But in this one writer horror seems to be almost the whole substance of his dreams. Whenever he seems about to open the door

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to beauty, horror shuts to the door. He does not suggest, he is minute, and will number every circumstance, which others would turn from. At times horror finds a voice in such a litany as Dina and the boatman chant on their dreadful voyage; or, with appalling irony, in that scene where two negroes, fighting to death, stop suddenly at the sound of the convent bell striking eight, draw apart, kneel, repeat the "Angelus," each taking his turn, pray silently for one another's souls, and then rise and hack and tear each other to pieces. We shudder and wonder, and find the horror almost insupportable; but we do not, as in a story of Pierre Louys, sicken at the calm, deliberate cruelty of the writer. In Pétrus Borel horror is an obsession: its danger is at times to become an absurdity.

It is one of the defects of his hasty, defiant art, that we are not always sure whether, when he is absurd, he is absurd intentionally. And it pleased him to write a style which was half splendor and half rage. Listen to this jewellery of the senses before Huysmans: "Depraved by grief, she sought ardently for all that irritated her nerves, all that excited and awakened her apathy; she covered herself with the most heavily scented flowers; she surrounded herself with vases full of syringa, jasmine, vervain, roses, lilies, tuberoses; she burned incense and benzoin; she shook around her amber, cinnamon, storax, musk." And he will tell you that a woman is "pyramidally virtuous"; and I hardly know how often things are *obombré,* which is the biblical overshadowed. English and Spanish rudely decorated his pages, generally more accurate than in the seekers after this form of local color in his time. He has many varieties of dialogue from the pompous to the abject, but all are done with an uneven energy.

To be delivered from most of the beautiful as well as the discomforting things of the world, was the continual prayer of one who liked to be called "un lycanthrope." "La souffrance," he said, "a fait de moi un loup féroce," and the world to him was a thing "sur lequel je crache, que je méprise, que je répousse du pied." He realized that to think too closely about life was to be unhappy. And so the varying image of himself who goes through the best of his stories is the man who thinks and dies.

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What logic there is often in certain of the preposterous scenes, which reach their summit in the dialogue between the man who wants to be guillotined ("not publicly, but in your back-garden"), and M. Sanson, the state mechanician of the guillotine. The bourgeois itself is concentrated in one vast bewilderment in the professional gentleman who doubts, with strict politeness, the sanity of a strange visitor who addresses him after this manner: "Je jure par toutes vos oesophagotomies que j'ai mes saines at entières faculties; seulement, le service que je vous prie de me rendre n'est point dans les moeurs." But the one splendid, frantically original, sentence, which gives the whole accent to this strange story, is : "Peu de chose, je voudrais simplement que vous me guillotinassiez."

The whole story of *Passereau,* in which this is the most significant of several audacious and unparalleled incidents, has a macabre humor which is terrible, if you will, but personal, and at that time new. It has been seen since, and we find Baudelaire, consciously or not, taking the exact details of his murderous drunkard's action in *Le Vin de L'Assassin,* from the well in which Passereau drowns his mistress. The very words are almost the same. "Passereau alors," we read, "avec un grand effort, detache et fit tomber sur elle, une à une, les pierres brisées de la margelle," just as the drunkard in Baudelaire was to confess afterwards:

> "Je l'ai jétée au fond d'un puits,
> Et j'ai même poussé sur elle
> Tous les pavés de la margelle."

Huysmans is anticipated, not only in such a passage as I have quoted, but in that sketch of an earlier des Esseintes: "Sometimes, the bad weather having gone on without intermission, he remained cloistered for a whole month, surrounded perpetually by lamps, by torches, flooded by a splendid artificial daylight; reading, writing sometimes, but more often, drunk or asleep. His door was closed against everyone but Albert, who came very readily, to shut himself up with him; not crazed by the same delirium, the same suffering, the same desolation, but for the oddity of the thing, for the chance of taking life in a wrong sense, of parodying this rectilineal bourgeoisie." Is it not almost

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to the very word characterizing it, the plan of existence in *À Rebours?*

If a wild but living sketch may be compared, at whatever distance, with a flawless picture, it might be said that there is something in the power of creating a sense of suspense at the opening of a story, and in developing it to the explicit horror of the end, in which Pétrus Borel sometimes reminds us of Poe. Still more does he at times seem to anticipate Villiers de L'Isle-Adam. How like a first sketch of Villiers is the idea of suicide by guillotine, and the mock-pedantic form of the letter to the "Commission des Pétitions": "Dans un moment où la nation est dans la pénurie et le trésor phtisique au troisième degré, dans un moment où les délicieux contribuables ont vendu jusqu'à leurs bretelles pour solver les taxes, sur-taxes, contre-taxes, re-taxes, super-taxes, archi-taxes, impôts et contre-impôts, tailler et retailler, capitations, archi-capitations et avanies; dans un moment où votre monarchie obérée et votre souveraine piriforme branlent dans le manche, il est du devoir de tout bon citoyen," and so forth.

"To sing of love!" he says in the *Testaments*. It is a catalogue of his work; not Beddoes was more funereal. Is this obsession of blood, this continual consciousness of evil, this inability to see any but the dark contraries of things, a mere boastful affectation or the only possible way of expressing a personality so full of discontent, and bitter knowledge of reasoned complaint? All his stories have such a dissection, such a passing of all things through so bitter a crucible. "Pauvre Job au fumier" he calls himself in a poem, which seems to be sincere.

Pétrus Borel's next and last complete work, his "triste épopée," as he called it, was not published till six years after *Champavert*. The mood has again changed, or rather changes in the course of the interminable pages; the style is elaborated, and used with a singular, paradoxical effort. The name, *Madame Putiphar,* is of a nature to call up anticipations which are far from being gratified. Never was virtue so magnanimously or more preposterously presented, praised, and carried unshaken through unheard of tribulations. Beings so transcendently moral and so consistently led by their merits and good deeds into pitfalls which the smallest worldly common-sense would have

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avoided, do not exist in fiction. A sentence in the book, not meant to refer to them, defines with perfect accuracy the manner of their treatment. "There are certain cases," we are told, "where really reason has so stupid an air, where logic has so absurd a figure, that one has to be extremely serious if one does not laugh in their faces." Is Deborah or Patrick MacWhyte the more saintly, the more heroic? It would be difficult to say, especially as, by a farther freak of their chronicler, they are set for the most part to speak in a language so formal and artificial that the feeling it is meant to convey is only to be faintly seen through it. Here is Deborah speaking, at a moment of crisis, to her husband. "Veuillez croîre que je sais vous estimer," she says; "je ne suis point assez impertinte pour me supposer l'auteur de votre délicatesse et présumer que sans vos rapports avec moi vous eussiez été un malhonnête homme; mais, sans fatuité, il m'étoit bien permis de penser que, livré à vous-même, sans liens, sans serments, sans dilection emplissant votre coeur, placé dans la fatale alternative où vous vous êtes trouvé, vous auriez pu préferer manquer à l'exigence de vos vertueux principes . . ." and much more: but no, the faultless man would have been quite capable of doing it all, on his own account. It is from the very explicit and perilous trial of his virtue by a Madame Putiphar who is meant to typify the worst side of the Pompadour that the book takes its name. Here, as elsewhere, the snares of evil are but vaunted to be trampled upon, and the picture which is called up: "flowers, candles, perfumes, sofas, vases, ribbons, damask, a lovely voice, a mandolin, mirrors, jewels, diamonds, necklaces, rings, earrings, a lovely and gracious woman lying back languorously," is but the prologue to a condemnation.

The story itself begins with an arraignment of Providence, as if to justify the ways of man to God. "If there is a Providence, it often acts in strange ways! woe to him predestined to follow a strange way!" Such are these martyrs of their own virtue, and they are shown as, in a way, God's puppets. There is a sentence which might have been written by Thomas Hardy, so clearly does it state, in an image like one of his own, the very centre of his philosophy. "I have often heard that certain

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insects were made for the amusement of children; perhaps man also was created for the same pleasures of superior beings, who delight in torturing him, and disport themselves in his groans." There he states his own problem: the book is to be an illustration of it; hence the horrors and the angelic natures that endure them. But he has no explanation to give, and can but bow down, like a later mouthpiece of Villiers, " before the darkness."

It is from this gloomy and hopeless point of view that the whole horrors of the story are presented, up to p. 250 of the second volume. Then, suddenly, comes a change of direction, and the last sixty out of the six hundred pages are written from this new point of view. " When I took up my pen to write this book my mind was full of doubts, of negations, of errors. But I know not by what mysterious means light has come to me on the way. I have constrained myself in the whole of this book to make vice flourish and dissoluteness overcome virtue; I have drowned roses with rottenness; I have perfumed iniquity with nard; I have poured overflowing happiness into the lap of infamy; I have brought the firmament down to the gutter; I have put dirt in the sky; not one of my brave heroes has not been a victim; everywhere I have shown evil as the oppressor and good as the oppressed." And now, he affirms, all these cruel accumulated destinies have turned upon him, after all his pains to interpret them, and have given him the lie.

" There is a Providence," he cries now, a God of Vengeance. The just man, if he suffers, suffers from some ancestral or attributed sin: and evil is destroyed by the action of God or some destroying power in man. " Croyez à un Dieu punisseur ici-bas! " he cries, or the world will be an enigma without a secret, an absurd impossible charade. And he brings the great symbol of useful destruction, the French Revolution, to end his arraignment of the cruelty of things by a vengeance in which man takes back his rights, the sheep shearing the shearer, the people crushing its giants like a rag between its fists. And for him it is the approach of the hour when all those miseries that he has sung, and mountains more of them, shall weigh down the ultimate scale of the balances of the wrath of God.

In this sudden illumination, this prophetic outburst, which

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ends a book full of clouds, dissonances, errors, absurdities, but always sincere, noble or tending blindingly towards nobility, we see certain brave and serious convictions underlying all that is contradictory and uncertain in a creature of passionate and eccentric imagination. When a people, he says, revolts against its deities, its first act is to break their images. That is what he does in these pages, where none of his deities are allowed to be logical.

A book so incoherent defies analysis, but it is not difficult to see how closely the truth is followed in many of the details, the De Foe-like dungeon scenes, in particular, which are full of a painful reality, passing at least once, in the death-scene of Fitz-Harris, into notes as of an instrumental solo, as he cries in the last ecstasy of death in the pits of darkness, "All shines like a carbuncle; all is flaming, caressing, wavering, dusty."

For the actual part of these scenes Pétrus Borel has an invaluable model in the narrative of de Latude. No one, so far as I know, has identified the very striking resemblances between scenes in which, equally, we grope from horror to horror. My copy of *Le Dépotism Dévoilé, ou mémoires de Henri Masers de Latude, détenu pendant trente-cinq ans dans divers prisons d'Etat,* is dated 1790, "imprimé aux frais de M. le Latude," and authenticated by his signature, in his own handwriting, at the foot of the preliminary *Avertissement.* All the names of the governors of the prison, and of fellow-prisoners, are taken by Borel from de Latude, in one instance almost word for word: and the characterization of Guyonnet, the first governor of the Donjon of Vincennes ("l'honnête M. de Guyonnet," as Borel calls him; "homme délicat et honnête," as he is called by de Latude), of Rougemont, his successor, who, in both narratives, is represented as the same odious tyrant, tampering with the prisoners' food, bricking up the little light left in their windows, suppressing their walks in the open air, "un sot, un fat, un puant, un pice-maille, un belître," as Borel calls him, is in both identical. The terrible lieutenant-general of police, defined by Borel as "un mauvais charlatan en manière de magistrat," is seen at much greater length in de Latude, who prints perhaps the most ghastly letter in the world. "Il feroit à propos," he writes to the Minister,

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" de le transférer au Donjon de Vincennes, où il y a moins de prisonniers qu'à la Bastille, *et de l'y oublier.*" In that phrase are exceeded all the horrors of *Madame Putiphar.*

Whatever was the good or evil reputation of the Pompadour who figures as Madame Putiphar in his pages, I find, in the evidently veracious and documented pages of de Latude, confirmation enough to justify that part of Borel's characterization which is concerned with her vindictive and destroying frivolity. " What then has been my crime? " de Latude questions; " at the age of twenty-three years misled by an excess of ambition which was simply absurd, I displeased la Marquise de Pompadour, I offended her, if you will, and that is a good deal to admit. At forty years, worn out by seventeen years of captivity and of tears ": but not yet nearly at the end of either. And he affirms: " Also she has never given liberty, as it is asserted, to any of those whom she has hurled into chains; she shut down forever in the dungeon walls their sighs and their anger." And he names (Borel names them after him) a Baron de Venac, who was imprisoned in the Donjon for nineteen years for having given the Pompadour a piece of good advice which " humbled her pride "; a Baron de Vissec, seventeen years imprisoned on the *suspicion* that he had spoken against her; a Chevalier de Rochequerault, *suspected* of being the writer of a pamphlet against her, imprisoned for twenty-three years. Borel and Latude's books, in scarcely less impressive ways, represent the moment of her death, and their natural hopes that a personal vengeance would be set right at last by the law. " I thought I saw the skies purple with shame," de Latude tells us. " Not even the idea came to me that there could be any delay in breaking my chains." For de Latude and for the innocent prisoners of Borel no key unlocks a door, and it is Borel who represents the dying woman writing a great " no " in a last refusal of mercy.

All this, then, and the episode of Malesherbes visiting a prisoner in the pit of a dungeon, drawing him up, into the light, and then persuaded by false tidings to leave him to his fate, is historical fact, and is used by Borel as part of a story, which has so much of the document, where it seems most the invention, of a story-teller. Not less real, in its properly artificial way, eight-

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eenth century and Crébillon fils, is the adventure of the Parc-aux-Cerfs. Borel seeks too often such local color as " azederach," a Syrian tree, or the plants " mahaleb " and " aligousier." Pedantry comes in here as in other ways and places; as, for instance, in the return to old spellings in " avoit," " touts," " abyme," " gryllons." Pedantry passes into ignorance in certain English words, which we may set partly to the credit of those printers whom he calls to account on one of his last pages. Strange metaphors flourish on all the pages, as when " il lui sembloit qu'il venoit de contracter avec les pierres de son cachot, avec ses fers, un hymen indissoluble, un hymen éternel, ne devant rompre qu'à la mort." There are windy howlings, the " Lycanthropie " I suppose, and at times grave silences, like this, with its sober air as of Villiers: " Elle étoit du nombre de celles qui jamais ne s'éffacent." Everywhere there is, in Baudelaire's phrase about him, " le charme de la volonté "; and the sign that " il aimait férocement les letters," as the same great critic characterized him, after his exact manner, in an adverb.

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"LAW"

LESTER LUTHER

At the rise of the curtain the stage is entirely black but for a deep violet-red strip of light lying low around the horizon. Not a sound is heard for some minutes—then there is a sigh and a movement. The voice of a young boy is heard; low in pitch, as if he were afraid to talk aloud.

BOY

It never changes—it never changes—red—bright red like fire. It's like blood, too—like a wave of——

THE VOICE OF AN OLD WOMAN

Seven days and no one dies. Seven days and it never changes.

THE VOICE OF A YOUNG WOMAN

I tried to close my eyes, but the lids are of steel.

VOICE OF ANOTHER WOMAN

Mine too. If only sleep would come!

THE VOICE OF A MAN

They say Sleep and Death have departed from the earth. . . . . If one could only close one's eyes!

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER MAN

They say He has destroyed Sleep and Death.
He has destroyed all the wishes of men.

THE VOICE OF AN OLD WOMAN

Hunger remains. It is clawing me, clawing me.
Hunger and Pain.

ANOTHER VOICE

Hunger and Pain.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG BOY

It never changes—It never changes—It never changes.
It's the color of the snow on the battlefield.

THE VOICE OF A YOUNG WOMAN

The ocean is red and the earth—and all the clear brooks.
There is no water anywhere since the rain of blood.
Water! Water! I'm thirsty! I'm thirsty!

THE VOICE OF A MAN

The trees and shrubs drank the blood like mad. Their leaves are all a-dripping red. It made me sick to see them suck the blood up.

THE VOICE OF A WOMAN

The animals went mad with joy. How they lapped the little

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pools and then fell to killing each other so that they might have more blood.

THE VOICE OF A YOUTH

I saw the priest's robe. It was stained all over. He was caught in the middle of the downpour.

THE VOICE OF A MAN

Very few escaped.

THE VOICE OF A WOMAN

Those who did were mostly children.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG BOY

It never changes—It never changes [*Crying*] I can't look away—I can't look away. It never changes.

THE VOICE OF A MAN

My God—why doesn't something happen! Seven days of that burning red and this calm. Why can't I go mad! My God!

ANOTHER MAN

Don't pray—no one can hear you. No one is listening.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG BOY

It never changes—why should I suffer? It never changes—
It never——

A WOMAN

Be thankful you can talk. Some are struck dumb.

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER WOMAN

The cannon have ceased.

THE VOICE OF A MAN

Long ago.

THE VOICE OF AN OLD WOMAN

They ceased when the dead began to come to life on the field. My son came home to me. He had been dead for three days. I did not recognize him. Part of his head was gone and his body was decayed.

A MAN

I arose from the dead.
[*A tense silence*]

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG BOY

It never changes. It never changes.

THE MAN WHO AROSE FROM THE DEAD

It is easier to die than to live, but to live and die and live again—My God! [*Silence*] The thousands who committed suicide with the hope of bringing the war to an end that way, are resurrected too.

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THE VOICE OF A WOMAN
Yes—I am one.

THE RESURRECTED MAN
Did you torment the souls of those in authority as they passed beyond?

THE RESURRECTED WOMAN
No—I hunted for my son. I am a mother.

THE RESURRECTED MAN
How could you expect to find him?

THE RESURRECTED WOMAN
Those gone out from the world seemed possessed of a double savagery and cunning. God! . . . is there any hope anywhere?

THE RESURRECTED MAN
No. None—anywhere.

THE VOICE OF THE YOUNG BOY
It never changes. It never changes.
[*The distant voice of a child is heard saying a prayer*]

A WOMAN
I thought the children had gone of the plague.

ANOTHER WOMAN
No—one remains.
[*The prayer becomes clearer. All are quiet. A tense calm. The red in the sky begins to dim. A terrible silence. Suddenly the red disappears*]

THE VOICE OF A MAN AND A WOMAN SPEAKING IN UNISON [*as if from above*]
The end cometh that is the beginning. For behold, I appear. I am always.

A CHORUS OF CHILDREN
Behold the Word, and hear it.

THE TWO VOICES
Behold the end of man. On his victory I place defeat.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN
Behold the Might of the Word [*Echo chorus*] and hear it.

THE TWO VOICES
In man's hands I laid a divine power. He scoffed at me and lost me—but I always knew his dwelling place, for I made it.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN
Behold God's Love.

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TWO VOICES

You have cast me out of your hearts. Your tongues waxed sharp against me,—so I withdrew.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Behold the Word—and hear it.

THE TWO VOICES

Call me Buddha—Life—Force—Energy—Christ—what you will—I care not. To me a name is as a breath. You make too much of words. You have forgotten me.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Behold the Word and hear it.

THE TWO VOICES

Mighty am I. Around my throat is hung the necklace of the worlds. My head is crowned by Eternity. My garments are the Life of all lives. Mighty am I in Kindness—for I am Love.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN

Mighty is Love.

THE TWO VOICES

Man's rule hath failed. Love calls. Come!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Come!

THE TWO VOICES

Man is gone forever.

[*One terrific shriek from the multitudes of Earth*]

THE TWO VOICES

I am.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Liberty and License

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I was very much disgusted with H. M. Aubrey's article in the April FORUM, entitled *Liberty and License.*

He certainly makes a grave charge against all womankind; one that his arguments do not bear out and that all thinking women will take exception to, as it stands.

If greater license has resulted from the greater liberty that women are now enjoying, it ought first to be proved that the women who have the greater liberty are indulging in greater license, and second, it should be shown what kind of license is being indulged in.

He says: "But with these (old) laws of jealousy, convention, religion and legislation, the woman had nothing to do, save obey: in that far-away time her share in the making of laws was too infinitesimal to be worth considering; to-day, in many of the States, she has theoretically as potent a voice in the making of the laws as man, and in all the States her influence is so great that no law-maker can safely ignore her. This being so, the greater laxity of divorce is properly chargeable to her, and if the resultant inference shows a lowering of her standard of female chastity, she must be held responsible. . . . And that the greater laxity of social and conventional law is directly chargeable to her there can be no question." Here he is only making rash statements, that he is not proving.

"There can be no question" in the mind of man who first made the laws, tried and fitted them to the woman and now passes sentence upon her as being responsible for lowering the "standards" as previously laid down by himself.

He admits that with the old laws she had not the slightest chance to influence the law-makers, and the inference is that the laws were correspondingly good, which they were not; while he says, "To-day, she is theoretically as potent as man"—"theoretically" is the only good word in the sentence. Yes, it will be admitted that "theoretically" she is potent, but how do the facts in the case square with his argument? What sort of lawyer must Mr. Aubrey be, if he thinks that we are living under a "new dispensation"?

If we have made any laws in the short time that women have had suffrage in many of the States, how many of these laws are traceable to woman's influence, or, if traceable, how many of them have been of a kind to lower standards or morals? The women have not been directly in the legislative halls, not more than one or two in, at least, three States, and if this small number are to be charged with the direct effect of increasing

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divorces, and of bringing about laxity in morals, what powerful creatures they must be!

No, Mr. Aubrey's logic for a lawyer is of a very poor quality. His reasoning would imply that with woman's power to vote, she had the power to overturn the laws, and that she had so overturned them, which reasoning is simply absurd. Laws are made every year, but the laws which govern us, and under which we live, are admitted to be antiquated, obsolete, and hundreds of years behind the times, nevertheless binding, immovable and unchanging. It would be simply impossible for the laws to have been changed in these few years to produce the effects that he concludes are the result of "laws."

Conduct is not the result of law, conduct is the result of life, or *vice-versâ*. "Law" is "crystallized public opinion" and when a man attempts to explain the secret springs of action by statistics, he is led into very specious argument.

Divorce is not dependent upon the laws passed to make its completion easy or difficult, but upon the people who will take advantage of it. These again are of such a different character from the previous generations, that they stop at nothing; they will have their own way: but at no time can the entire charge of providing easy divorce be placed at the door of women. The women most interested in legislation are not the women who get divorces, and on the other hand, the women who get divorces are not at all interested in legislative conditions; they wish to get a divorce because they wish to change their lives, not because divorce is easy, but because their lives are intolerable. That is one class of women who obtain divorce, perhaps the word license does apply to them, but there is a much larger class who will not accept marriage which does not give them decent living; they object to men having the greater license that interferes with their own well-being; they are educated up to a better sense of what is due to themselves, and will not submit to what women of another generation endured with a smiling face.

Take the matter of drunkenness; why should a woman allow herself to be abused, insulted and degraded before her family of little children, and keep on increasing that family to what is certain misery for all? The wife of a drunken man in times past might receive the help and pity of outsiders, but she was supposed to accept her bitter lot with resignation, and make no attempt to change it; when a condition like that calls for divorce, is the woman or the man to blame, is it liberty or license that is the object, or a desire to improve one's condition?

Here is where comes in the fallacy of "proof" by statistics. If divorce statistics are increased by the women who will not submit to treatment that was considered inevitable in the past, that is not evidence that there has developed "among women a tendency to an attitude of indifference regarding female chastity"—it is more due to a feeling that if men want

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women to be chaste merely for their benefit, they may use coercion as best pleases themselves. Woman has come to understand that if a woman is not chaste because her own self-respect demands it, she is not chaste at all—denouncing her will not make her chaste. Her chastity is somewhat dependent upon whether men desire her; as Max O'Rell says, it is very easy for old maids to give their hearts to God—in fact, they give to God what men would not have; so in the matter of liberty and license, it is not a question that can be determined by taking into account one sex, it is dependent upon both sexes, and if there is more license to-day than before, the statistics of prostitution, illegitimacy and divorce cannot be held to prove anything more against women than against men.

Woman has more liberty because she insists upon having it: not because man's chivalry wants her to have it, but only because his wits cannot invent a way to keep her from it; and now that she has liberty, whatever other evils are in the world are to be laid at her door as the effect of her liberty!

And of all the evils that she should be charged with fostering, license is the most supremely ridiculous!

In what way can it be decided that there is more license? The chief evidence is to be found in the newspapers. The truth really is that there is not so much more license—only that more of it gets into the papers.

And who, pray, is to blame for that? Certainly not the women. The newspapers are all run by men. The Woman's Page and Society Columns are never sullied by the faintest hint of scandal or slander; that is all reserved for the front page or editorials. How then can the fact be assumed that because woman has more liberty she is responsible for the increased license?

She is not responsible for it! To woman is due all the decency that is in the world to-day!

Women have charge of both boys and girls up to the ages of 8, 9, 10 years—when boys are permitted to be under the care of men and learn more of men's ways.

Under women's care the children are kept from the knowledge of evil, they are taught sweet, simple ideas, given pure thoughts and motives—and their lives are innocent; nothing vulgar or indecent is put before them if it can be prevented. When the boys are turned over to the guardianship of the men, what happens? I do not know, I am a woman; but it is pretty freely known that boys are supposed to be free to learn all the evil and wickedness that can be brought to their notice, and just as soon as it can be put in practice, it establishes their manhood; while, on the other hand, the girl is supposed to be kept in her innocence and purity, until such time as the man wishes to come into closer relations with her, that is, wishes to marry her, then we have—the problem?

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This is one of the conditions that lead to divorce: purity—innocence—ignorance on the one hand, and a civilized brute on the other!

In the past this condition was accepted, usually because women were in love, and did not have the strength or the ability to reason it out. Tradition, not law, held them in thrall, also. Women were taught self-restraint, self-control, submission, while men who needed teaching and discipline were not encouraged to exercise any, rather were encouraged to indulge in license, "sow their wild oats," and then pick out a nice girl and "settle down."

No, the charge is not proved. If statistics of divorce are the only evidence that woman is "responsible for a lowering of her standard of female chastity" and the "greater laxity of social and conventional law," we women deny the charge, for if we have any effect upon society we intend to raise the standard for men, not lower it for women.

ANNE B. STEWART

SEATTLE

Mr. Eugene F. Ware

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In your issue for March, 1915, J. Albert Pierce, in the article, *The Quiet Life,* p. 357-8, credits two stanzas to Charles Miller, which were written by Eugene F. Ware, of Kansas,—published in his volume, *Rhymes of Ironquill,* p. 114, the whole poem entitled *Whist.* The ninth edition of the volume was published by Crane & Co., Topeka, 1899.

W. H. CARRUTH

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

"Philanthropy"

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In her article entitled *Washington Square,* in the May issue of your magazine, Pietra Van Brunt offers one more illustration of the inconsistency of bourgeois social theory. Our middle class is less consistent in this respect than any other, since it is near-proletarian to those above it and near-plutocratic to those below it. Our authoress, for example, thinks that the tired business man she sees in the restaurant is merely dissipated; but she pities the bench people who think that art is one long holiday. If she wants their charity instead of envy when she is escorted to the opera, she should pass some of it up to her restaurant companions. The plutocrat is a consistent individualist in politics and an idealist (for

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others) in metaphysics; the proletarian *sans culotte,* if he knows his own interests, is a consistent socialist and materialist; the bourgeois is neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring."

What good would it do the *sans culottes* or what harm the author if they knew her art was not "one long holiday"? Probably she and they have different notions as to what constitutes a holiday. Many a hobo would work for omelettes, coffee, cigarettes and opera if he had a chance.

The way she salved her conscience after the opera is like the bread and circuses with which Rome stifled the civic conscience of her *Populares.* This is the meaning of *noblesse oblige;* this is why *lazzaroni* consider strangers the almoners of Providence, why servants cheat and waiters must be tipped. The very people who seem most to fear the pauperizing effect of socialism upon the proletariat are pouring this oil upon the troubled waters of social revolution.

Of course the bench people would have fared no better if she had not gone to the opera. But if she would give her cigarette money (a Bohemian affectation of which she would not be guilty without the moral support of Paris's Latin Quarter, for a reason which she herself suggests) to the Socialist campaign fund or the American Federation of Labor's strike benefits, it would do much more good than her unsystematic, demoralizing, second-hand philanthropy. The supper she did not eat was as futile a sacrifice as the emerald of Polycrates.

C. Vincent Clark

Crossville, Illinois

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EDITORIAL NOTES

"Strict Accountability"

IN dealing with the grave question raised by the sinking of the *Lusitania,* it is necessary—though it is difficult—to consider all the conditions coolly, and in the spirit indicated by the President's appeal for true neutrality. The mere fact that American lives have been lost must not be allowed to urge us hastily to extreme measures: for other lives have been lost, notably in Belgium, under the saddest circumstances; and we have not felt compelled to intervene. If we understand aright the principles of humanity and the duties of nations, those lives were in our care, as the lives of our own people. Is there such a difference between the two tragedies—the prolonged tragedy and the appallingly sudden tragedy—that inaction must yield to action, decisive, irrevocable? Are we, who have so often and so strongly proclaimed our detestation of all the principles of war, now to consider—even as a remote contingency—the possibility of hostilities?

Whether the course of the Administration in not protesting effectively against the violation of Belgian neutrality was right or wrong, is a matter that cannot profitably be discussed now. The whole horrible business of the war involved so many problems that even a statesman so sincere and able as the President might well have made mistakes. Our traditional policy forbade interference in European affairs, however distressing, unless American interests were directly concerned. We did not intervene in the Balkan Wars, with all their pitiable savagery. We did not intervene when Europe exploited Africa. It was decided, for good or for evil, not to interfere when Belgium was invaded —except in so far as the feeding of the starving and the clothing of the destitute can be called interference. We kept our hands from meddling. We listened to all sides. We preserved the strictest neutrality—and were rewarded by being misunderstood and harshly criticised.

But now, there has been put before us a case in which we are unquestionably and vitally concerned. Deliberately, in defiance

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of law, reason and humanity, American citizens, American women, American children, have been wantonly murdered. There can be no specious plea of garbled accounts, of prejudiced distortions. The facts are admitted. The German Government had been warned that it would be held to a strict accountability for every American life that was attacked. That warning has been flagrantly disregarded. It remains to be seen what meaning we are to give to the term "strict accountability," and how we are to explain, so that the German Government will understand quite clearly, that the United States will not permit her nationals to be assassinated.

We cannot secure full redress, even if the German Government should be willing to make whatever reparation may lie in its power. There is no redress that can bring back the dead, or turn the sorrow of the bereaved into content and peace. The crime that has been committed is irremediable.

Would there be any comfort, or any value, in retribution? Would the infliction of punishment console the distressed and bring satisfaction to our national pride? Not if the idea of vindictiveness prevails. A great nation must move in greater ways than those that the petty would dictate.

We give our grief to the past, our solicitude to the future. Quietly, knowing that war breeds strange distempers and warps the judgment of partisans, we must put forward our just demands: that Germany shall make such reparation as she can for the lives lost, and that she shall absolutely desist from the methods that have led to the wanton sacrifice of so many non-combatants. If she refuses—as she may have refused before this note appears—to follow the only course consistent with her claim to be a civilized nation, then it will be the task of the Administration to take effective steps to protect American lives.

What those steps would be, need not yet be considered fully. It would be possible, in conjunction with the other neutral countries, to bring such pressure to bear that it would be suicidal for Germany to refuse to change her attitude. But if the state of feeling in Germany is so entirely different from that of the rest of the world that she cannot see, or will not admit, her obligations to us and to civilization, the President may be compelled to

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take more stringent measures: for in that case it would be obvious that the German menace was too sinister to be tolerated by the rest of the world.

The Dead

OUR dead, wantonly murdered, are at rest in the sea, or in a foreign grave. May they sleep well, who bore themselves so bravely in the final crisis. The well-known and the obscure are joined together now, and are friends, in that most democratic of all republics—Eternity. The little babes, and those who had perhaps grown weary of the world, have gone forward—the different creeds may proffer their theories as to where, and what. But no one need fear as to the ultimate fate of those who die bravely. Whatever gods may be, whatever destiny may lurk for the children of earth, it is a true doctrine that they who die without cowardice may face untroubled such day of judgment as a God of Love may send them. The span of their lives here may be short or long. What does it matter? Think of the myriads who have died on this fragment of dust even since the beginning of so-called historical times. Do we regret now that one, or another, did not have so many years, or so many days, added to the allotted number? Not in the mere length of life, but in the significance of life, and in the significance of death, can be found some answer to the problem that none of the centuries has solved completely.

Where so many died, and so many were heroic, it would seem invidious to make special reference to individuals. Yet it would be inexcusable not to record the last words of Charles Frohman. They have been repeated by Miss Rita Jollivet, and her statement is sufficient proof that they are authentic.

Mr. Frohman spoke while the ship was going down. "To my mind," he said, "death is the most beautiful adventure which life can offer."

Rest in peace, brave and gallant gentleman, with all the company that found death where they had expected to reach only the frontiers of countries that we call foreign, in the ordinary language of everyday life. But no sacrifice that has been made, no

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pain that has been suffered, can be counted vain. Now, and forever, the significance of that sacrifice and that pain will be written indelibly in the history of the world.

Blundering

If the British Admiralty has no satisfactory explanation to offer for its apparent failure to make any adequate effort to protect the *Lusitania* from the threatened piratical attack, both Englishmen and Americans will be entitled to express their indignation. So far as can be gathered at the time of writing, the ship was doing everything possible to make her destruction easier, and the Admiralty was looking on complacently, under the assumption that as the ship had not been torpedoed before, she never would be.

The Admiralty has had so much work to do, and has done it so well, that such a glaring example of inefficiency comes as a greater shock. It is always well to be just: it is generally foolish to be indignant. The British ships have performed, from the national viewpoint, an unprecedented and wonderful task: with one exception, they have swept every ship of their enemy—vessel of commerce or vessel of war—from all the oceans; and, in their own home waters, they have compelled a great navy to hide in mined waters.

That is no reflection on the German navy, which, however misdirected in its general plans of warfare, has behaved with superb heroism whenever heroism was demanded. But when the British Admiralty, which had been offered a direct challenge in the case of the *Lusitania,* failed to realize its responsibilities and its privileges, British prestige received a blow from which it will not recover until all the fossilized heads or subordinates of the governmental departments have been removed.

To assert, as Mr. Winston Churchill asserted, that the resources of the British navy were not sufficient to provide convoys for all merchant vessels, is a futile confession of stupidity and incompetence. Convoys for all merchant vessels have not been demanded. But the *Lusitania* had been singled out as a special and most important exception. The German Government had

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publicly advertised its intention to commit deliberate murder. It was known that German submarines would be waiting in the course that the great liner would presumably take. The challenge was direct: but the Admiralty, unprovided with spectacles, failed to perceive its obvious duty, and the opportunity that presented itself.

The Blind

ONE of the most pitiful results of the war is the huge number of men who have been blinded and are now slowly learning to adjust themselves to the conditions of a new and lightless life. They bear witness—as so many others bear witness also—to the criminality of militarism. If the nations of the world cannot settle their differences of opinion without having recourse to maiming and murder, which prove nothing except the existence of barbarism, it is surely time for the nations to be reorganized and for a new spirit to replace the pettiness of local jealousies and selfishness.

Even in these dark days, when there is a tendency to extend, and not to restrict, the scope of hostilities, there remains at least the satisfaction of one thought which is becoming increasingly prevalent in the minds of thoughtful people. It is felt, and it is being publicly stated every day by men of distinction and by the man in the street, that the price of war is so appalling that even the war-maniacs themselves must recognize the necessity for sane methods, and combine with the sensible majority of the world's inhabitants to prevent any repetition of such criminal savagery.

In the meantime, the victims of all races present a sorry spectacle to those who have eyes, and can see; and seeing, understand. The first flush of patriotism will carry many through the earlier stages of their affliction: but as the years pass, and neglect and privation become familiar, and the darkness never lifts, it will be less easy to feel reconciled to a fate so harsh.

But this is only one of the by-products of militarism. It is our task to destroy the accursed system, so that the world may breathe freely, and atrocities be no longer defended on the

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ground that war is hell, and that men, women and children must pay for the privilege of proving the exactness of the definition.

Enceinte

"On another occasion a French girl, fourteen years old, of respectable family, managed to escape into the French lines. She explained that at the beginning of the French occupation she, with her sister and mother, had been violated by German soldiers, and all three are now enceinte."

This is an excerpt from an article by a war correspondent in a New York newspaper. The statement, as a particular detail, may or may not be verifiable. But there can be no doubt that in thousands of cases similar brutalities have been perpetrated.

War, far from regenerative, is certainly generative, in such instances, which are sufficiently numerous to attract the attention even of philosophic neutrals. But war, of course, is the ultimate appeal to "reason" of all who, in these modern days, still linger in the atmosphere of mediævalism. Many gentlemen and ladies —or, in the more direct phrasing of democracy, men and women —are thinking in terms of knights, tournaments, armor and chivalry.

"Chivalry" to-day—as always—can readily be factorized: lust, ignorance, vainglory, self-assertion, domination. The infamous *jus primæ noctis* of feudalism is perpetuated in the indiscriminate raping of militarism.

But war is regenerative, inspiring—to the merely bestial type. It is the supreme argument. Where logic has failed, let lust and shrapnel be the arbiters. So shall nations be inspired and redeemed.

But what will happen to the thousands of innocents—hated by their mothers, unknown by their fathers—who must bear witness to the efficacy of slaughter, rape and savagery as the only civilized means of adjusting differences of opinion?

The Roosevelt-Barnes Case

Some very interesting revelations have been made during the course of the trial at Syracuse, and no doubt the people of the

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country have made a few notes for future reference. It may be well to remind them that they receive from their professional political leaders exactly what they are willing to accept, and even the machinery of corrupt organizations cannot prevent them from having their own way, if they are sufficiently determined and sufficiently intelligent. But long custom has made them callous or supine, and they have too long tolerated disgraceful methods and an utterly debased standard of political life.

War Babies

MRS. GRUNDY has already had a good deal to say on the subject of war babies, and her conclusions are not always illogical and pernicious. It is not good for a nation that large numbers of illegitimate children should be born under distressing conditions, and with little hope in the majority of cases for the care, training and love which are indispensable. Yet, though these babies have been termed "accidents," undesired, the mere results of opportunity, excitement, ignorance and the demoralization of war, it should be remembered that many children born in perfectly lawful wedlock are equally undesired and accidental.

But whatever the attitude of the adult mind toward the whole problem, everything possible should be done to ameliorate the lot of the unhappy little innocents and to give them a reasonably fair chance in the life which they did not choose; and even the terrible risk of appearing to countenance immorality must be accepted cheerfully. For these are not normal times; and normal manners, not always satisfactory at the best, cannot be expected to fit them. Under the stress of war and war preparations, under the influence of the feeling that spreads so quickly through a country fighting for its honor or its life, much may happen, and much may be condoned, that would not occur under other conditions.

With regard, not to the "voluntary" babies, but to those still more unhappy little victims of war, the products of rape and brutish violence, the problem is more difficult, the cruelty to all concerned more intense. But as there is no offence, no cause for shame, though much for pity, in the mother, it should be possible

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for public and private opinion to become rational, so that bigotry and hysteria may be avoided, and the innocent and helpless not be treated as if they had committed a crime, instead of being the victims of a crime.

The President of the United States

WHETHER the people of the United States realize it or not, they have now the greatest President who has ever guided the destinies of the nation. Washington and Lincoln have left illustrious names: Wilson may leave, as destiny may decide, a great name or a smaller one—for those who do not understand the times in which they are living, and the times which will follow when they are dead. It is not possible to quote at length now, as might have been done under less urgent conditions, from Mr. Wilson's speech at Philadelphia: but a few brief excerpts can be given. When their purport is fully understood, America will have begun to realize herself. At present, she has only commenced to begin.

"No man who does not see visions will ever realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise. . . . The example of America must be the example, not merely of peace because she will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right. . . ."

Even Europe, blinded by blood, agonized by torment, must recognize that the man who can speak like this is a man who has a greater right than anyone now living to offer to the world those suggestions for enduring peace which may remove forever the clouds—clouds most sombre, ominous and frightful—of war and militarism; of hate, jealousy, mistrust, barbarism.

God save America—not because she is America; but because she stands—in and through her President and her people—for peace, and a new ideal amongst nations: because she is *too proud to fight,* until fighting becomes compulsory, and pride of peace must yield to pride in justice.

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